

A new Story of great interest, entitled "DAUGHTERS OF CAIN," by Etta W. Pierce, is commenced in the January Number of FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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PENNSYLVANIA.—THE RECENT DISASTER AT THE MINES NEAR THE TOWN OF NANTICOKE—SCENE AT THE FAN-HOUSE IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE CALAMITY.

FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 326.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 2, 1886.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

THE years are fleet-footed. It seems but yesterday that 1885, with fair, sweet face, and strong and lusty of limb, knocked at our doors, awaiting a welcome. Now, scarred and bent and wrinkled, the year reels away to oblivion, and in a few brief hours it will be only a memory—a wreck upon the shoals of Time. But in the lives of all who survive it, some memory of its experiences will remain. In this respect it was like other years—a year of christenings and burials, of successes and reverses, of reunions and partings, of great achievements and petty meannesses, of royal fidelity to duty and sordid betrayals of trust and conscience. It had its days of sunshine when all the sky smiled benignant benedictions; and its hours of gloom when the heavens were as brass. It had kindling peaks whence human souls looked off, exultant, upon a world all aflame with beauty, and its sunless vales along whose depths the hapless pilgrim stumbled forlorn and hopeless. Some lives it darkened by heavy sorrows; some it has made luminous by the splendor of victories over sin and temptation. In some it has left the echo of joy-bells that never ceased to ring. In some it has left the ashes of dead hopes. To us as a people it brought some sore calamities; it robbed us of some of our greatest and foremost citizens; it accentuated the contentions of capital and labor; it perpetuated the depression of business. But the catastrophes of the year with us were relatively few as compared with those which marked its progress in other lands. No pestilence has here swept away its tens of thousands as in Spain; war has not desolated our coasts as it has ravaged those of Madagascar and Tonquin, nor kindled its red torch in our mountains as it has among the Balkan ranges; no such violent quarrels have disturbed our peace as have roused the passions and vexed the diplomacy of Russia and Germany and England; we have had no Ireland, bleeding and mutinous, menacing our safety; no restlessness of the populace has shaken the foundations of the State, as in Egypt, and France, and Peru. Other nations have for the most part made little real progress towards higher standards of government and loftier reaches of civilization; we, on the other hand, have made positive advances towards a more composite national life, a truer unity, a broader and fuller appreciation of the essential principles of good government. Some evils have unquestionably been eliminated in the Old Year; the public service has been placed on a higher plane; the common rights of all men enjoy a fuller recognition; we are more disposed to deal justly with the Indian, the negro, and even with the Chinaman, than we were one year ago. Some progress, too, has been made towards a better understanding of what honesty and honor require in our financial policy; and the claims of education, of religion, and of the unfortunate classes of whatever name, were never more widely acknowledged than at this hour.

The legacy of the Old Year, therefore, is not altogether nor even predominantly evil. We cannot forget its pains and losses—the dear faces into which we shall never look again, the smitten altars where the fires have gone out, the scenes of conflict and trial where no angel waited to lift a ladder by which we might climb heavenwards; but even the memory of all these chastens our thoughts as we count up the blessings which crowned the year, and we turn from the Old to the New hopefully, if not with a perfect joy. What the New Year may have in store we cannot foresee, indeed; but we know this—that it will be, for each of us, largely what we choose to make it. We are not the playthings of blind and inexorable Chance; all life is dominated by benign and wholesome laws, and the man who, obedient to these laws, uses the opportunities which come to him, and employs the power with which he is equipped with conscientious aim and earnest purpose, may be sure that somewhere and in some form he will get the mastery over all adverse fortune. Life's compensations never fail; into every life some sunshine falls; and duty bravely done earns a sure recompense. So, flinging a spray into the Old Year's grave, let us, grateful for all the past, turn with welcome to the glad New Year coming, yonder, with eager face to meet us.

THE SLAUGHTER IN THE MINE.

THE death of twenty or thirty workmen in the coal mine at Nanticoke, near Wilkesbarre, seems to have been the result of recklessness and avarice, like the similar massacre of a hundred and more at Avondale. The details of the disaster differ: that at Avondale having resulted from fire, this at Nanticoke from sudden imprisonment, from the caving in of the excavated earth between the miners and the shaft which they depended on for air and water, for ingress and egress.

But in both instances, and in a hundred other similar instances, the safety of the workmen would have been assured by the cutting of another shaft near the point where they were working. This point, in the Nanticoke mine, was more than half a mile from the shaft on which

they depended for their lives; yet it is now conceded that another shaft at the other end could be cut in four days. That the local and State authorities should permit such a cheap and simple precaution to be neglected, even if the avarice of proprietors refused it and the indifference of workmen failed to demand it, is astonishing. In most of the piles of flats in this city, though they be but a hundred feet long, and practically fire-proof, caution has provided two or three means of exit from top to bottom. But here are men, cooped up in the solid earth half a mile from the chimney up which they may climb to the air, if fire, explosion or a cave-in make it necessary to fly. Such recklessness is incomprehensible, and it is criminal.

The misleading fact is the assertion of the authorities that "the men have never asked for another shaft." This is no justification. Workmen are naturally prone to trust to the precautions provided by employers, and to become careless and sluggish in the constant presence of danger. The dozens of lives that have already been lost in the Croton Aqueduct have been mainly a sacrifice to the individual refusal of the men to obey the rules enacted for their safety. In such cases, rules should be remorselessly enforced. Let all who break them be discharged. Nothing but the callousness caused by the habitual presence of danger can explain the fact that the Coal-heavers' Union of Pennsylvania, one of the strongest and most intolerant in the world, has nowhere taken measures to compel the construction of double shafts in mines.

States, by legislative action, should lay down rules for the protection of life in mines, and the authorities should be compelled to obey and enforce these rules, rendering these shocking massacres impossible.

SENATOR BECK AND CHEAP MONEY.

THE well-known opposition of many Democratic leaders to the President's most praiseworthy views upon the silver question culminated before the adjournment of the Senate in Senator Beck's violent arraignment of the Administration policy. His speech accompanied a resolution "to inquire whether the officials of the United States Government had complied with the law requiring that the coin paid for duties on imported goods should be set apart as a special fund and applied to the payment of the interest on United States bonds," etc. The meaning of this is, that Democratic "statesmen" propose to dragoon a Democratic Secretary of the Treasury into calling bonds and using the \$78,000,000 of silver now in the Treasury for their payment. According to Senator Beck, the man who steals silver from the Treasury is more justifiable than the officer who keeps it locked up out of the reach of that "people" in whose name so many outrages are attempted upon sound financial doctrines and upon common-sense. Senator Beck may induce the appearance of Secretary Manning before the Finance Committee, but we shall be very much surprised if the advocates of "cheap money" get much satisfaction from the Secretary's testimony.

The second clause of the Act of February, 1862, referred to by Senator Beck, provides for the purchase of one per cent. of the entire debt of the United States within each fiscal year, "which is to be set apart as a sinking fund," etc. When this law was passed to strengthen our public credit, our only "coin" was gold, and we were without silver until most of the bonds were issued. Until 1878, therefore, the Government was pledged to the payment of gold alone. The Act of 1878 is construed by Senator Beck to mean that silver as well as gold should be paid out for bonds, and he insists that silver can never be put in circulation unless the Secretary shall adopt this course. The fact that silver is not worth as much as gold is not allowed to stand in the way of his argument. He answers that silver will now purchase twenty per cent. more than in 1870. But this point is scarcely worth refutation in the presence of the simple fact that, while Congress can compel silver to be taken in payment of debts, Congress cannot compel any man to sell his goods or give his labor for silver unless he chooses. The attempt to force a payment for bonds in eighty-cent dollars is a dangerous move towards "cheap money" and all the perils of a depreciated currency. The Senator holds these perils lightly, and scoffs at "any danger of foreign complications and of a gold premium." But within twenty-four hours after the delivery of his speech foreign exchange had advanced, and over two millions of gold in New York were ordered for shipment abroad. This advance was attributed by many of our leading financiers directly to Senator Beck's speech, which was unanswered on his own side of the Senate.

Now, if the leaders of the Democratic Party insist upon committing political hari-kari, we would have nothing to say, provided that their acts affected only a party already distinguished by its capacity for blundering, and not the country at large. Their ardent desire to dispose of the Treasury surplus has been shown in their advocacy of schemes enough to spend ten times the accumulation on hand without lugging in the "necessity" for circulating silver. And after the recess, Mr. Warner, we are told, intends to offer a joint resolution flatly ordering the Secretary to call a hundred millions of bonds, thus getting rid of both the gold reserve and the silver surplus. Suppose this programme is carried out. Then there must follow an increase in the burden of taxation, for which the Democrats will be held responsible

by the country. With such a card as this, the Republicans, who have actually decreased taxation, could scarcely fail to win in 1888. Perhaps this thought induces Mr. Evarts to join the Democratic Senators in congratulating the Kentucky statesman on his effort. We cannot think that even the Presidential mania could cause Mr. Evarts to take sides seriously with the silver men. But without regard to the effects of the silver craze upon a party, we have to consider the disturbance of capital, the paralysis of business, and the suffering of workingmen, which will follow a debasement of our currency. Senator Beck's talk of "bloated bondholders" and "Wall Street sharks" is old and exploded. The policy of the Administration is dictated by sound principles of finance and by solicitude for the laboring classes, who make up the greater part of our people. Disgrace abroad and disaster at home would follow the success of the schemes favored by men like Beck and Warner. Happily we have a President whose veto can be relied upon as a safeguard between the people and the folly of their legislators. The silver fight is to be long and bitter, and the legislation which we hope for, the unconditional repeal of the Bland Bill, may be impossible at present. But we can rest assured that further tampering with our currency will be prevented by the interposition of a wise and determined President.

THE ADMISSION OF NEW STATES.

ALTHOUGH the citizens of that portion of the Territory of Dakota which lies south of the forty-sixth parallel have done all the preliminary work that Territorial citizens may do, and more, to gain admission into the Union, it is very doubtful whether a new State will be created by the Forty-ninth Congress. A Bill to admit it has already been introduced in the Senate, the would-be State has already organized a State Government in prospect, and even elected United States Senators; it has adopted in the regular way an excellent Constitution, and it even claims the right of admission by reason of a provision in the treaty of the Louisiana purchase and by the precedent of Michigan and other States. An examination of its claims, moreover, shows that in territory and population its claim is well grounded. In area, South Dakota is considerably larger than New York, and it claims 260,000 inhabitants, which, until the new apportionment of 1883, would have given it two members of Congress. Under the present apportionment, the Territory will no doubt next year have enough inhabitants to make two Congressional districts. At present there are four States which send but one member each to the lower branch of Congress—Colorado, Delaware, Nevada and Oregon; and Florida, New Hampshire, Rhode Island and Vermont each send but two.

But the history of the admission of new States into the Union shows the interesting fact that scarcely one has been admitted solely on the merits of the question of admission, but chiefly with reference to the political effect of admission. Beginning with Kentucky in 1791, there was a careful alteration observed in the creation of free and slave States that suffered no variation until, with the annexation of Texas in 1845, the Southern territory of which States could be made was exhausted. The order of admission is interesting to those who imagine that in the "good old times" political parties did not look out for themselves with the same shrewdness as in our own day. Kentucky and Vermont were admitted in 1791; then they came in pairs—Tennessee and Ohio; Louisiana and Indiana; Mississippi and Illinois; Alabama and Maine; Missouri and Arkansas then came in, the former not being regarded wholly as a possible slave State; then Michigan and Florida, followed by Iowa and Texas. All the slave territory being exhausted, between 1847 and 1849 Wisconsin, Minnesota, California and Oregon were admitted. Kansas came in in 1861, and West Virginia and Nevada were born of the war; while Nebraska and Colorado were subsequently admitted, not without reference to the dominant party's Congressional necessities.

By this well-established principle, the Democratic majority in the House will be almost certain to refuse Dakota admission at least until after the next Presidential election. The effect of its admission would be to add two Senators to the Republican majority in the Senate, to send a Republican member to the House, and to give the Republicans three more votes in 1888 in the Electoral College. In the present evenly balanced strength of the two parties in the Electoral College, the Democrats are likely, throughout the term of their first victory since more than half a dozen Republican States have been admitted, to follow the precedents of all parties and to incur criticism rather than give the opposite party so clear an advantage. It is none the less to be regretted that considerations of partisan politics, rather than of justice and high national interests, should govern and decide the public policy on a question of such great importance.

THE FUTURE IRISH PARLIAMENT.

THAT Ireland is once more to have a local Parliament seems at last conceded by all. The agitation set on foot by Daniel O'Connell nearly fifty years ago has been maintained till the claim of that island for self-government has been wrung from the great English parties.

But how is Ireland to be governed? What form are the executive, legislative and militia to assume? These are questions for statesmen; and at this moment states-

men seem to be absolutely wanting in England. No man has come forward with a comprehensive, practical scheme, which will satisfy the patriotic instincts of the Irish people and at the same time preserve the integrity of the British Empire.

The subjects of that vast dominion have no distinctive name; each part has its own name for its people, its own ideas; to a great extent its own religion, its own wants. While a general Imperial Parliament must direct and control the whole, it is evident that each portion—England, Scotland, Ireland, Canada, Australia, India, the West Indies—must have local governments for local purposes.

In Canada and Australia these governments have been built up in great measure on the plan of those which are commended by a century of trial in this country. But there is no model for the new government in Ireland, and there seems to be no man with a mind able and grand enough to grasp the situation and give a clear, definite solution. Compared to our own men of 1776 and 1787, who studied deeply the whole science of human government and discussed with ability every detail, the leaders and legislators in England at this time seem mere children.

The Irish Parliament and Government of the last century cannot be revived. The world has learned much and advanced much in this century. In England the question has been raised whether the House of Lords has not outlived its usefulness. There the question of one or two Houses has to be settled; and if in favor of two Chambers, the constituents of the Upper House must be decided upon. With this question under debate, it is impossible to give Ireland a House of Lords of the olden type. Is it to have an Upper House, and if so, who are to compose it? Are they to be elected Peers, Senators named for life, or are they to be elected by provinces?

Who yet has spoken clearly as to the control of this local legislation, and brought the question to an issue for able discussion? Are the acts of Irish legislation to be reversible, in case of necessity, by the Imperial Parliament, as those of our Territories are by Congress; or must every Irish Act require the consent of the Crown to become law, and the sovereign be as free to veto a Bill as an American President is?

The very nature of the new Government requires for its molding a superior intelligence, which seems sadly lacking. Every line of the project should be submitted for months to elicit the opinions and the warnings of the ablest men in the Empire. The limitation of the powers must be strictly drawn, and this is all the more necessary as the Constitution of the Imperial Parliament is unwritten. The power of declaring war, the custom-house and control of foreign commerce, the post-office—must necessarily be retained by the Imperial Government. Then arises the question as to the militia. While, as in most parts, the choice of officers can be left to the selection of the members, it is evident that a large organized military body in Ireland must be, as a whole, controlled by the highest military authority in the Empire. How far the general officers are to be appointed by the Crown is not clear, and, so far as we know, the question has not elicited the slightest consideration.

The Land question must be decided at once by the the Imperial Parliament; or, if committed to the new Irish Parliament, a series of ungracious limitations must be engrafted into the Organic Act.

The whole question is beset with difficulties, not the least of which is the idea prevalent that the English, as English, have a right to govern Ireland, and to concede what pleases them. This fallacy underlies the whole matter, and has produced most of the trouble. From the moment of the union of Great Britain and Ireland it should have been recognized that, in Parliament, English, Irish and Scotch met to make laws for the whole realm, not English alone to force their views on the others, who played the part of silent spectators. So, now, what Ireland receives, it will receive not from a kindred part of the Empire, but from the whole. It is not England conceding to Ireland, but the United Kingdom taking better steps for the wise government of a portion which has suffered for generations from unwise government, legislative and executive. If the new steps taken are dictated by the old obsolete unwisdom, if no masterly statesmanship is to build even better than they know, nothing can result but confusion and mischief.

There is an overruling Providence that guides the destiny of men and nations, a Providence the source of all wisdom, and if ever there was a time when light which seems wanting to men should be sought, it is surely the present crisis in Irish affairs.

HELP FOR HOME RULE.

THE movement in New York city in aid of the struggle for self-government in Ireland is attaining an importance which shows very conclusively the genuineness of the popular sympathy with the Irish cause. The object of the movement, which is conducted under the auspices of the Irish Parliamentary Fund Association, is to raise a fund for the purpose of continuing the agitation until the ends proposed by Mr. Parnell are definitely secured. Already the sum of \$20,000 has been raised, and the indications are that this will be shortly doubled. Meanwhile, under the stimulus of the example of New York, Irishmen in other cities are organizing similar movements; and there can be no doubt that, as a result of this concerted action, a large sum will be obtained. One direction in which it will be employed will be in the payment of a thousand or fifteen hundred dollars yearly to such of the Irish members as are not able personally to bear the expenses of a Parli-

mentary career. This is the more desirable as some of the ablest of these members are among the poorest. A prominent participant in the New York movement makes the point, in soliciting subscriptions to the fund, that in the end home rule for Ireland will prove peculiarly advantageous to this country. He says:

"Every year the Irish send to Ireland \$26,000,000. What for? Actually for the support of the landlords. When an Irishman or Irishwoman makes a dollar here there is already a mortgage on it because their parents or friends in Ireland need it for the rent due the landlords, and consequently it is sent over there. The purpose of our committee is to aid in home rule, and thus promote in Ireland a state of things which will do away with the necessity of this drain of \$26,000,000 yearly from America. This is one of our main arguments, and through it we are every day gaining the co-operation and active aid of Americans and Irish-Americans."

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

BEYOND the facts that Mr. Gladstone has not yet formulated a specific scheme for the government of Ireland, that Lord Hartington and some other Liberal leaders refuse to commit themselves to the principle of Home Rule, and that Mr. Parnell patiently bides his time, there is nothing new and definite as to the Irish question. There are plenty of rumors and conjectures, but these generally turn out to have no real foundation, and only deepen the prevailing perplexity and uncertainty. It is said, for instance, that Mr. Gladstone does not desire to resume office, and this may in a sense be true; but there can scarcely be a doubt that if an opportunity offers for crowning his career by an adjustment of the question which has so long troubled British politics, he will seize it and use it. The Orange element of Ireland are organizing to defeat Home Rule legislation, and the Patriotic Union of Dublin has issued a manifesto enlarging the scope of the organization so as to include Loyalists of all creeds who desire to preserve the unity of the Empire. On the other hand, the National League is everywhere active, and at a recent meeting in Dublin Mr. Sullivan warned the Ulster "braggarts" that if they should resist the Home Rule measure after its passage by the Imperial Parliament, their resistance would constitute an act of treason, which would be dealt with as it deserved. Mr. Sullivan added that Mr. Gladstone would persevere with the Home Rule scheme regardless of the clamors of those opposed to the measure. The Irish party will hold a meeting in January to decide upon their policy in the coming Parliament. The members of the Scotch Crofter party have decided to act hereafter with the Liberals, believing that Mr. Gladstone will favor the reforms which they demand for Scotland.

The French have not reaped anything but disaster by their cruel invasion of Madagascar. After a year and a half of warfare, a treaty has been made, under which France virtually abandons all her pretensions to a protectorate, and acknowledges the ruler of the Hovas as sovereign of the whole island. There are few persons outside of France who will regret this termination of an unrighteous and barbarous war upon an unoffending people. It is to be hoped that the lesson will not be without its influence upon future French administrations lustful of territorial aggrandizement.

An incident which may develop into a *cause célèbre*, is the exposure of a blackmailing plot, or possibly something worse, directed against the Prince of Wales, last week. A somewhat intelligent person, named Magee, wrote a letter giving details of an alleged plot to assassinate the prospective King of England, and offering to turn Queen's evidence for a money consideration. The man was captured, and appears to be cool and rational. Evidently the police, the Prince and his friends, regard the matter seriously, believing that Magee has, as he claims to have, dangerous "pals." The case will be tried in January, and the Prince himself will be obliged to testify.

Late information from Peru is to the effect that, as the result of the triumph of the revolutionists, a Council of State has been formed, with Dr. Antonio Arenas as President, and a full Cabinet, and that, pending the election of a President and other officials under the Constitution of 1860, the country has become quiet, with a prospect of a final restoration of an orderly and stable administration. In Lima the mercantile class has shown its confidence in the existing order of things by advancing the money necessary for carrying on the provisional government.

The Austrian Queen-Regent of Spain is not popular with the people whom she is called upon to govern. The Duke of Seville, uncle to the late King, and a young Don de Bourbon, Commander of the Palace Guard, have already been reprimanded for publicly speaking in abuse of the Queen, who had refused them audience. The royal Duke openly boasted that Queen Christina would soon be obliged to relinquish the Regency, to be replaced by ex-Queen Isabella. The people of Spain are manifestly uneasy. Neither Don Carlos nor Zorilla are openly active, but both are vigilant.

After a stormy debate, the French Chamber of Deputies, last week, adopted the Tonquin credit by a vote of 274 to 270. It is thought that the Brisson Cabinet may resign in favor of M. de Freycinet.

A colliery explosion in Wales, last week, entombed 750 miners, some eighty of whom perished, while many others were injured.

"PAULINA; OR, THE DAYS OF THE APOSTLES," a Romance of Rome in the First Century, will begin in the February number of *Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine*, for which it was especially written by the Rev. Alexander C. Haverstick. The scene is laid during the reign of the Emperor Nero, and the characters are Jews, Romans and Christians.

Just as a great many people are said to be never willing to let well enough alone, so there are others who have a fatal fondness for not letting bad enough remain as it is. In this latter class two Missouri malefactors have recently made themselves conspicuous—most uncomfortably so for themselves. Some time ago they were tried for murder, and sentenced to State Prison for life. They appealed, were granted a new trial, and the result of this is a reaffirmation of their guilt, coupled this time with a death-sentence.

GENERAL GRANT had many friends and admirers in every quarter of the globe. Among the Chinese he was a favorite, and while he was a visitor to that country he was selected to mediate between the Chinese Empire and Japan in the Zoo Choo affair. Now comes a generous subscription of \$300 to his monument from Viceroy Li, and \$200 from the Chinese Minister in Washington. The subscription of Dennis Kearney and the Sand-lot hoodlums is yet to be recorded.

THE investigation of the schools of New York, to ascertain whether ophthalmia or other contagious diseases of the eye are prevalent, shows that the few cases are sporadic, and there is no unusual peril. But the human eye under the pressure of a high civilization becomes more and more feeble; strabismus, myopia, and other optical afflictions, become commoner and more difficult to heal; spectacles become more needed and less effective, and the

tendency is to general blindness. What will the children do a century hence? Are books and periodicals to continue to multiply, or will reading in a hundred years from now be a lost art to the multitude, indulged in only by public readers, who shall be hired as a part of the general educational system, and whose function it shall be to read aloud all necessary books in large halls, or at the corners of the streets?

It is Canada's ox that is gored now. She wants one Goff, charged with fraud and embezzlement, who is now a fugitive within our borders. We will exchange Goff for Eno. But if Canada chooses to put us to great trouble and expense before she will surrender capital offenders, and declines to extradite embezzlers, defaulters, and even forgers, she cannot be surprised if she shall be compelled to take some of her own medicine. Perhaps, in time, after a considerable time, some time, the Dominioners will learn that equity and comity are quite as good, in the long run, as a churlish sympathy with malefactors.

Of all the graceful, tender and appropriate acts that crowned the holiday season, there was none that appealed to the appreciation of generous hearts throughout the entire nation more than the thoughtful, brotherly kindness of an ex-Union to an ex-Confederate soldier. The Northern man lives in Watertown, N. Y., and is in receipt of a pension. He does not require the money in order to live comfortably, and so, through the services of Senator Mahone, to whom the matter was submitted, a needy ex-Confederate, living in Lunenburg County, Va., was selected henceforth to receive the money. Here is poetic giving, that is delightfully practical at the same time; and nothing more than the simple humanity of such a Christmas present as this could so beautifully illustrate the spirit that pervades our reunited, prosperous country.

SENATOR PAYNE of Ohio, who is a believer in the old-fashioned methods of distributing the "spoils of office," has just had a sharp reminder that the system has its inconveniences for those who act as distributors. Recently, in the exercise of his Senatorial prerogative, he secured the appointment of a personal favorite as postmaster at Canton, in preference to a local journalist who had the almost unanimous indorsement of his party for the position. Last week the people of the town, rising in indignant might, hung the Senator in effigy, and the manifestation acquired especial emphasis from the fact that it was inspired and carried out under the direction of Democrats. So intense was the popular indignation, that certain gentlemen who occupy confidential relations with Senator Payne found it convenient to absent themselves from the town in order to escape bodily harm. The incident is only another illustration of the evils of the system which admits of appointment to office on the basis of personal obligation and partisan preference, instead of the broader and higher one of character and fitness, ascertained by competitive examination.

THERE would seem to be no reason or excuse for any further delay on the part of Congress in abolishing our absurd tariff on works of art by foreigners. It is known and shown to be hateful to American artists abroad, without exception, as far as they have been heard from, and it is equally distasteful to American artists at home—the very two classes for whose benefit the law was originally framed. A New York paper publishes letters, urging its repeal, from the presidents of the three leading art schools of New York; from the painters Abbey, Alexander, Beckwith, Boughton, Church, Carpenter, Cox, Deilman, Eaton, Fowler, Gifford, Leland, Neal, Fyle, Porter, Quartley, Sargent, Vedder and Weir; petitions have gone to Congress from American art students in Rome, Paris, Florence and Munich; and, last of all, the circulars which the Union League sent out have brought 1,280 answers, of which 1,197 are in favor of free art. No less than 154 art schools and teachers have reported, and of these 148 give a like expression. Is not this practical unanimity? Is it not a larger proportionate vote than could be got in favor of any law which Congress passes? Why delay longer?

THE dog-bitten children from Newark, N. J., who were sent to Paris for treatment by Pasteur, have become the objects of international interest and attention. The incidents of their arrival and inoculation by Pasteur and his assistants have been described at length in the newspapers, two or three of the New York dailies giving a column each to a cable account of their reception and behavior under the operations of the scientist, while the public at large has awaited every successive bulletin as to their condition with an interest as genuine as it is creditable. The lads—the oldest of whom is only fourteen years of age—seem to have submitted themselves to Pasteur's treatment with an exuberant docility, while the illustrious *savant* has shown throughout the utmost gentleness and sympathy. His special interest in the case was attested by the fact that within three hours after their arrival in Paris he had performed the act of inoculation and sent them safely to bed. They will remain under his care for some ten days. M. Pasteur has now twenty patients in his charge, and has in all treated one hundred and fourteen persons. Meanwhile, another remedy for hydrophobia—treatment by hot baths—is reported to have been successfully employed in the case of a citizen of Milwaukee who had been bitten nearly four weeks before he had shown premonitory symptoms of the malady. This treatment has been warmly advocated by some eminent scientists, one of whom is said to have used it successfully in eighty cases.

CONGRESS will need to display greater industry than ordinarily characterizes our legislative bodies, to make any serious impression on the mass of work already accumulated. On the first call of States, 997 Bills were introduced, with two-thirds of the States yet to be reached. Two hundred and nineteen members are yet to be heard from, and these will probably add some 2,000 Bills to those already offered. Of course, the great majority of the measures introduced possess no real importance, and will probably not be heard from again during the session; but there are some which have honest claims to consideration, and cannot be ignored without disregard of the public interests. Among these are the following: To suspend the coinage of "buzzard" dollars; for the allotment of lands in severalty to Indians; proposing constitutional amendments prohibiting polygamy in the United States, and to permit the President to veto items in General Appropriation Bills; to limit the disposal of the public lands adapted to agriculture to actual settlers, and to forfeit unearned land grants. Among the Bills which will be warmly pressed, but which should be defeated, are these: For the free and unrestricted coinage of the silver dollar, and to provide for the issue of silver certificates on the deposit of standard silver dollars; to amend the Civil Service Law so that the head of a department may appoint any person he chooses who is able to pass a "special examination"; proposing constitutional amendments for the election of Senators and Postmasters by the people; and granting pensions to all persons who served thirty days in the Civil War.

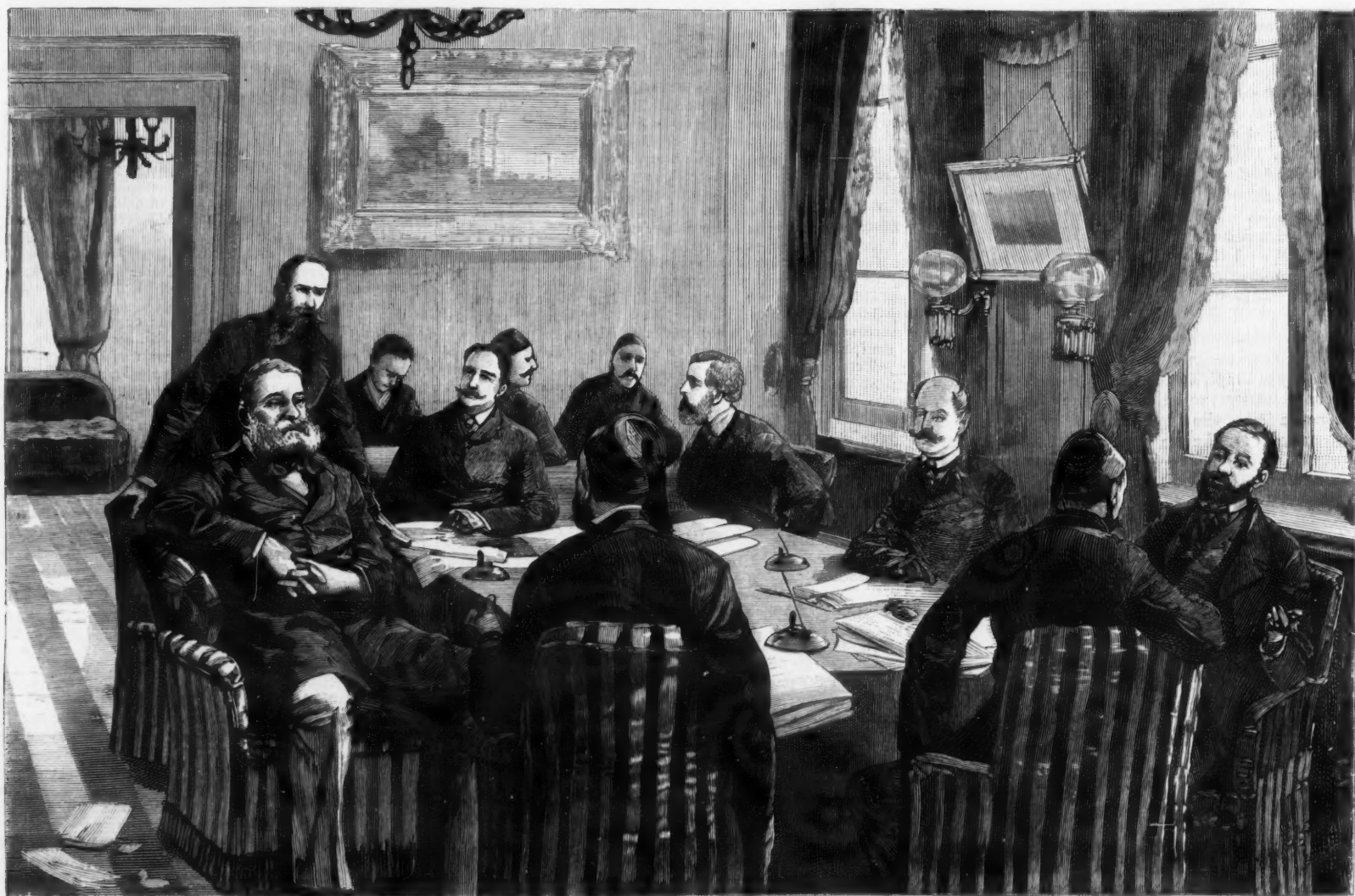
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 326.



AUSTRALIA.—GIGANTIC GUM-TREES ON THE NORTHERN RAILWAY, QUEENSLAND.



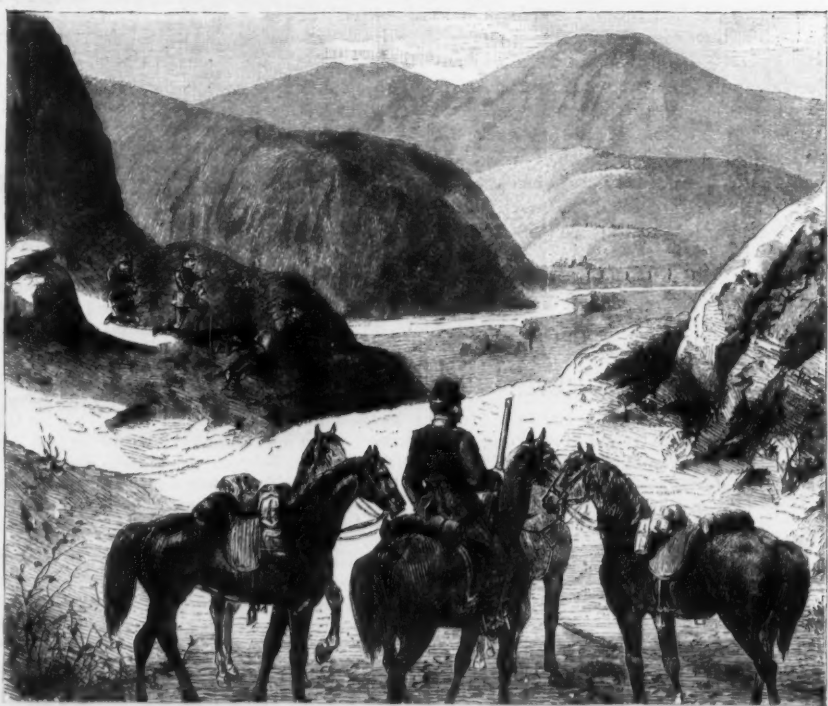
BURMAH.—COLONEL E. B. SLADEN, BRITISH COMMISSIONER AT MANDALAY.



M. de Nelidoff. Sir W. White. Count Radowitz. Sa'd Pasha. Marquis de Noailles. Count Calice. Server Pasha. Count Corti.
TURKEY.—DIPLOMATIC CONFERENCE ON THE BULGARO-SERVIAN WAR, NOW SITTING AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

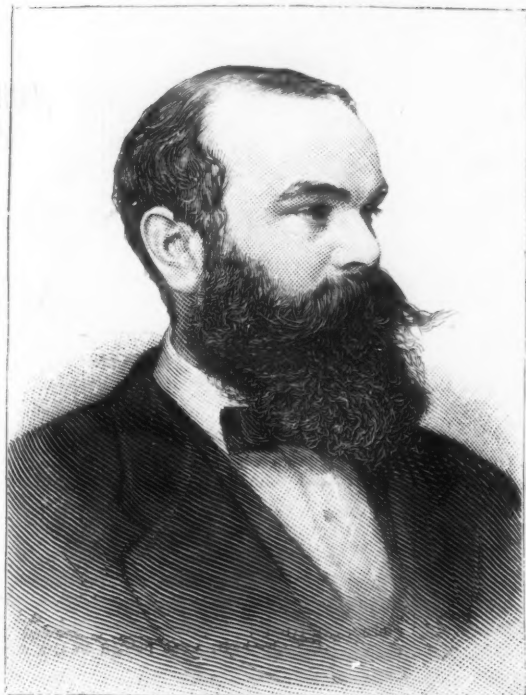


SPAIN.—REMAINS OF KING ALFONSO XII. BORNE FROM THE ROYAL PALACE, MADRID.



THE BALKANS WAR.—SERVIANS RECONNOITRING BEFORE PIROT.

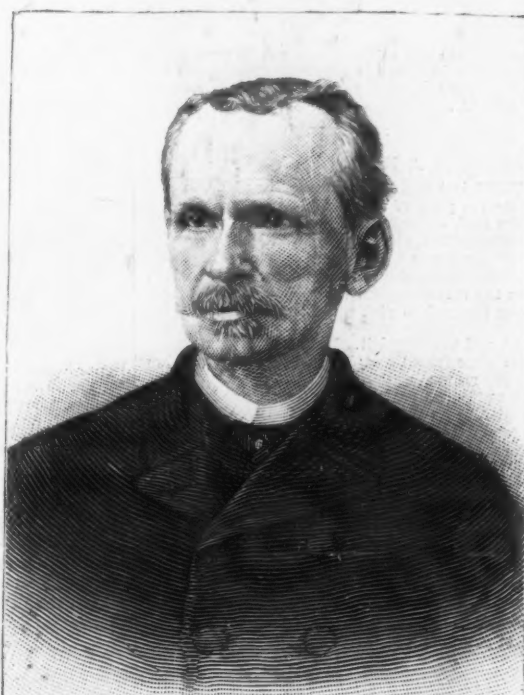
JUDGE JOHN E. BACON,

UNITED STATES CHARGÉ D'AFFAIRES TO URUGUAY
AND PARAGUAY.NEW YORK CITY.—THE LATE JOHN CHRISTOPHER DRAPER,
M.D., LL.D.
PHOTO. BY KURTZ.—SEE PAGE 326.

JOHAN E. BACON, the present Chargé d'Affaires to Uruguay and Paraguay, was born at Edgefield, S. C., and is in the fifty-fifth year of his age. His family have been identified with the State of his birth from its earliest history, and members of it have enjoyed many offices of honor and trust. He was graduated with distinction at the South Carolina College in 1852, and was admitted to the Bar in 1854. He was sent to St. Petersburg as Secretary of Legation, and married there the youngest daughter of ex-Governor Pickens, then the Minister at that Court. He is an accomplished linguist.

Mr. Bacon entered the Confederate Army in 1861, at the commencement of the War, and served throughout the struggle, reaching the rank of major. After the War, finding himself completely impoverished, he returned to the practice of his profession, and was soon in the enjoyment of an unusually large and lucrative business. In 1867 he was elected District Judge for the District of Edgefield, and presided regularly until deposed by the Federal commander, and a "military judge" was put in his place. In 1872 he removed to Columbia, where he has ever since resided. In that year he was elected president of the largest Democratic club in the city, and was re-elected four consecutive times. During this period he was also a member and Secretary of the State Democratic Executive Committee, and also a member of the County Executive Committee.

In 1878 Judge Bacon was sent to the Legislature for the purpose of reopening the South Carolina College. He was made Chairman of the Committee on Education, and, by the aid of his able colleagues and other experienced members, the measure was put through, after a severe struggle, the Bill passing the Senate by the vote only of the distinguished President of that body. Judge Bacon regards his connection with the re-establishment of this college on a solid basis—whereby the young men of the State can get a first-class collegiate education for about the tenth of the cost of *ante-bellum* days—with greater pride and satisfaction than any, indeed all, of the acts of his life. In 1884 Judge Bacon was

HON. JOHN E. BACON, U. S. CHARGÉ D'AFFAIRES
TO URUGUAY AND PARAGUAY.
PHOTO. BY HANDY.NEW YEAR'S DAY IN NEW YORK CITY.—A FALL OF SNOW FROM THE ROOF.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 333.

elect a member of the State Convention for the nomination of delegates to the National Democratic Convention at Chicago, and of Presidential Electors, and was himself nominated an Elector and elected. He is now at his post as Chargé d'Affaires to Uruguay and Paraguay, and will, it is said, give his special attention to the work of furthering the commercial relations of the United States with those countries.

A FERN LEAF.

I TOOK last night from its resting-place,
On the page of a poem I love to read,
A fern leaf, delicate, fine as lace,
But scentless, colorless, dead indeed.
A tiny spray you had stopped to pick
As we wandered on through the woods one day;
From the velvet mosses where ferns grew thick,
You stopped to pick me this single spray.

I kept and preserved it. I knew not why—
We were friend and friend—we were nothing more;

With smiles we parted. The time went by,
And life its thorns and its blossoms bore,
Till we met one night, after years had sped.
We spoke of the past with calm regret;
And "I picked you a fern leaf once," you said;
I answered lightly, "I have it yet!"

I blushed at your eager, glad surprise;
There was much to remember and much to say;
We seemed to walk under far-off skies,
Along a blossoming woodland way;
And you whispered the words that long ago
We feared to speak when, in love's sweet dread,
You would have offered your heart—but lo!
You gave me a spray of fern instead.

MARY AINSIE DE VERE.

DAVID DOWNING.

By PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

MUSIC was the passion of David Downing's life. As a boy he had cared for nothing else. By the time he was fifteen there was scarcely a musical instrument on which he had not experimented. He had constructed not a few for himself. The two instruments which finally vanished all others in his regard were the organ and the violin. His father was a country clergyman, and the lad was never so happy as when in the organ-loft listening to the long-sustained bass note, or the tender pleading of the flute-like stops. Of course he was happiest when making the music come himself. Often, in the soft Summer twilight, he would sit there in the church playing and dreaming. Who shall say of what his dreams were, and who shall say how much the mystery of love may be felt from afar, as by the change in the air one journeying knows himself to be in the sea's neighborhood, though not as yet within sight or sound of it?

There are two powers from which no man shall escape, and they are love and death. David was twenty-five when he fell desperately in love with the slender, exquisite shape, the proud, animated face, the eyes like some blue mountain stream which mind and sunlight surprise together—fell in love with the beautiful hair which Swinburne well describes when he writes—

"And her hair had the sea's wave and the sea's gold in it."

Fell in love with the voice, with its subtle urgency of music; fell in love with the bright spirit, the fervent heart, which, with all the other charms I have touched on, made up the whole of Rose Cameron.

They loved in June, and felt the witchery of long, lingering twilights, when grass and flowers get so glad of the dew and the moonlight. All these were part of their love, and added to its romance, surely.

In October they married, and they had not been married long when troubles came. Rose had been a spoiled child, and would brook no restraint; and her independent ways troubled David for her safety. He had often to go to town on business, and he objected to a growing intimacy between herself and a certain Captain Selden, whose reputation was not of too clean a nature. It ended by his forbidding Selden the house. This led to a violent altercation; but a worse scene came later, when David discovered that his young wife had been audaciously taking walks with the forbidden captain. Then he did lose his temper, and spoke as if he had worse to complain of than merely her self-will in going contrary to his wishes, and choosing a friend for herself in spite of a jealousy she thought unjust. "Mrs. Downing turned very white, and left the room. A trap was at the door to take her husband to the station. He sprang up, struck the horse sharply, and rattled away just in time to catch his train.

He was unhappy all day in London. He would have given much that Rose had not deceived him, but he would have given more still not to have lost his temper. It was April then, and they had been married just half a year. It was a cold night when he got back to Dover, where they lived, he officiating as organist to one of the chief churches. Throughout the day it had thundered and lightened at intervals, but an easterly wind had sprung up and swept the sky clear, in which a moon, bright and sharp-looking as a scimitar, seemed to divide the windy darkness. He heard the roll and boom of the large Spring waves as he skirted the beach over which he could hear some one trampling heavily. The light in his dining-room shone cheerfully from behind closely drawn red curtains. Rose was not in the dining-room, but on the table, addressed to himself, lay a note, in her well-known handwriting. He broke the seal and read:

"You have insulted me so grossly that I will live with you no more. I have taken with me what I need. I shall go to friends out of England, where any attempt on your part to find me would be worse than useless. You have made me feel, David Downing, that I hate you! I was your wife, but never your slave!"

He read the letter over two or three times; then he questioned the servants; but they could give him little information, except that their mistress had gone out with her maid in the afternoon, the maid carrying a good-sized bag and Mrs. Downing one of smaller dimensions. The lady was thickly veiled, and wore a dark-violet waterproof. The boat had left for France about an hour ago.

David Downing went down and questioned people on the pier, but no one answering to the description of Mrs. Downing had been seen. He went to the station, but could hear nothing of her there. He wandered, for some time, aimlessly about the windy streets, pervaded at that time by a briny smell. There was a sense upon him as if he had lost her in the wind, somehow.

Then he came back and shut himself up alone, with his fancy and his memory of her. That chair in which she used to sit, was it quite—quite empty? Listen! was not that her light footfall on the floor? Was not that the soft stir of her dress? He was dazed; yet in time he rose and went up-stairs to her bedroom to see just what she had taken. He opened the wardrobe. There was hanging the dress she had worn only the day before; and, see, the violets she had pinned into the bosom of it were there still. He put his lips to the gown which had once been informed with the beauty of her shape. It broke him down, and he wept as only strong men sore stricken can weep; but the tears did not avert brain fever, which ensued the next day.

It was a desperately severe and prolonged attack. He recovered; but, alas! to find himself for ever in darkness, the optic nerves having been withered as by fire. The blow was, indeed, a terrible one. Not only had he lost her who was the delight of his eyes, but he had lost those eyes, too. Nothing was left to him then but his music; for, before very long, with much practice, he got to play nearly as well as in the old days.

He bore his troubles bravely, but twenty years did not materially lessen them. At forty-five he was white-haired, and walked with bowed shoulders. The face told of sorrow, but not of bitterness. He was in his forty-sixth year when he took the position of organist in one of the cathedral towns. Such a post he had long desired. He made fast friends with some people of the name of Taylor, and it was at their house that he became acquainted with Ursula Daincourt, a low-voiced, charming girl of twenty, and just as sweet as violets are. You could not see, or hear her, or even feel her near, without their fragrance being suggested. If Downing did not see, he heard and felt the sense of her presence. She loved his music, and they became great friends. He played to her; she read to him; being, as he was, fond of poetry; and they walked together. In this position there was nothing sentimental. She liked him. She was sorry for him, and to do gracious acts was as natural to her as it is to a rose to prosper in sunshine. They walked together in the Close, they sat together in the organ-loft, and no one talked foolishly. For one thing, Downing looked so much older than he really was. One early June evening he was practicing, when he paused in his music, feeling some one near. Then the tender voice he knew so well asked:

"May I come up?"

"Need you ask? but wait till I hold you a hand. Those steps are difficult to get up."

"Yes; I should probably get on badly without your assistance."

In a moment more her hand was in his, and he was soon pointing out to her, as he delighted to do, the mysteries of his beloved organ.

"You are not well to-night," he said, in distressed tones, noting that a great shivering fit was on her. She answered, with a forced laugh, that she was only cold. He touched her hands, and found them burning. She was on a visit to her friends the Taylors, whither he would have taken her at once, had she not pleaded hard for a little more music.

"If I am going to be ill, and this should be the last time," she said, between laughing and crying, "you would like to think that I had my way."

Surely, he thought, his heart failing him, he was not going to lose this sweet friend, as he had lost his eyes and his loved! He played, but she did not respond. She had fallen into an uneasy sleep, and was moaning piteously, as if conscious of some vague distress. With a heavy heart David left the organ-loft and procured assistance; had a carriage sent for, and conveyed Ursula to her friends' house. He called later on, to hear the doctor's report, which for some days was uncertain. A wasting low fever was at length declared. Exhaustion was the chief danger to be dreaded. Those were days of double darkness for Downing. He begged to be allowed to speak to her, but permission was declined on the ground of infection.

"But would it be bad for her?" he had asked of Taylor.

"No, not bad for her; but we can't have you risking things; besides, if you fell ill, we should have to nurse you; and we have our hands quite full enough as it is."

But Downing was a wily man. He called one day, and was informed that Mr. Taylor had gone to London, and Mrs. Taylor was lying down. He said he would rest a little while. Then he went into the hall and listened. The house was not a large one. The day was chill for June. From a room on the first landing came the sound of a fire softly stirred. This was all he wanted; he had a clue. Light-footed as a thief, he climbed the stairs. He found a door to his right, and listened again. From behind it there was a low sound of voices, and somebody sighing as in great weariness. Then the voice he knew well said:

"Oh, I shall be so glad if ever people may come to see me. I wonder, nurse, if I am going to get better or to die?"

He opened the door and went in gently, saying:

"Well, here is one visitor. 'Where there is no fear, there is no danger,' so you must not mind. I did want to come and see how my dear child was getting on. I want to sit by you and hold your hand."

"Oh, you should not have come; but I am glad to see you. Mamma is with me now, but she is resting. Do my hands burn very much?"

"Scarcely at all. I am sure you are better." With his hand holding hers, she seemed to grow much more composed, and after a little while fell into a refreshing sleep.

Once the door opened, and some one came in and remained some time, standing by the bed, and then went out with no word. From that day Ursula improved rapidly, and was soon pronounced out of danger. She began to laugh, and be almost her old bright self. She would give David her wrists to span with his lithe, strong fingers, and "My arms are thin, but they will be pretty again when I grow quite strong," she said.

One day, when they were alone together, the nurse being absent for a brief while, some one came in and stood by the bed, and so close by the chair on which David was sitting, that he felt a woman's dress brush his knee; and was not that the touch of a woman's hand on his? Not Ursula's poor little wasted palm, but a firm, cool, magnetic touch. And what is this but some one kneeling by him, and warm tears falling on his hands?

"Rose!" with a great gasp.

"David, can you forgive me? Indeed I did not know how things had gone. Your words stung me, and having left you, I was too proud to come back. From what our child here has told me—"

"Our child?"

"Born three months after I left you. From what she told me when I came here, I thought it must be you; and oh, my dear, my dear, when I came in and saw you sitting by the bed, our child's hand in yours, and stood close to you, and you did not know me, I thought my heart would break with very passion of tenderness. David"—and her voice was uncertain—"may I come home?"

"Of your own free will?"

"Because I love you, and always have."

"My darling!" he said, and putting his arms around her neck, drew her head down upon his shoulder.

"And she is just as beautiful as ever she was," said Ursula, in a voice which revealed decided traces of a joyful emotion, that young person having been taken into confidence by her mother.

When Rose left her husband, she adopted the old family name of Daincourt. What Ursula said was very nearly true. Mrs. Downing, at forty, was a very beautiful and unusually young-looking woman for her years. After all, a very happy man for many a long year to come was David Downing.

THE MAGIC LANTERN OF THE YEAR.

THE artist, in a fanciful mood, has depicted the United States, epitomized in the traditional figure of Uncle Sam, gazing upon pictures reminiscent of the past year, as projected by the magic lantern of human events upon the screen of time. These shadowy reproductions, as Wordsworth says of the sunset clouds,

"do take a sober coloring, to the eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality."

War and pestilence have spared the land; but death has been busy, adding to his list names glorious in war and powerful in affairs. Bitterness in the relations between labor and capital, depressions in business circles, and some passing minor disturbances of the social order, are also among the sombre memories of 1885. But light follows gloom in natural succession, and it is reasonable to hope that the next slide will be of a sunnier character, calculated to dispel the momentary pensiveness of the gazer upon the magic lantern's show.

THE LATE PROF. JOHN C. DRAPER.

SCIENCE has lost a brilliant investigator and exponent, and society a cultured gentleman, in the almost sudden death of Prof. John Christopher Draper, from pneumonia, on Sunday, the 20th ult. His intimate relations, for more than twenty years past, with the Medical College and the University of the City of New York, had long since made him well-known personally and professionally at home; while his original researches and his writings caused his name to be honored in the scientific circles of Europe.

Professor Draper was born in Virginia, in March, 1835. He was educated at the University of the City of New York, was graduated from its medical department in 1857, and for a year afterwards continued his studies in Europe. In December, 1858, he was made Professor of Analytical Chemistry in the University, a position which he held for thirteen years. From 1860 to 1863 he was Professor of Chemistry in the Cooper Institute. In the latter year he took the chair of Natural History in the College of the City of New York, which he held until the time of his death. The fine collections of woods, minerals, etc., which are a feature of the College, are due to his personal efforts and care. During the Civil War, Professor Draper served for six months as a surgeon on General Ward's staff at Harper's Ferry. In 1866 he became Professor of Chemistry in the medical department of the University. As the senior member of the Faculty, as a lecturer, and as treasurer of the institution, he was exceedingly popular, and greatly extended the reputation of his *Alma Mater*. For twenty-three years he was a member of the New York Academy of Medicine, and in 1870 he was also a member of the Council of the Academy.

Professor Draper was widely known as an author, and as a magazine-writer on semi-scientific and hygienic subjects. Amongst his works published in book-form were a text-book on anatomy and physiology (1865); "Year Books of Nature and Science" (1872-76); a "Practical Laboratory Course in Chemistry" (1882); and recently an advanced text-book of medical physics. He received the degree of Doctor of Laws from Trinity College in 1873, and about the same time was elected a member of the Century Club. Mr. Draper's home life was an exceptionally happy one. He was married to a lady of rare culture and

attainments, who sympathized understandingly with her husband in his studies and ambitions, and who assisted in the dispensing of his generous hospitality with a charm and grace peculiarly her own.

THE NANTICOKE COAL MINE DISASTER.

NANTICOKE, a town of 10,000 inhabitants, nine miles from Wilkesbarre, Pa., and the site of extensive coal mines operated by the Pennsylvania Coal Company, became last week the scene of an appalling and pitiful catastrophe. On the morning of Friday, the 18th instant, while the miners were at work as usual, the explosion of a blast in the locality known as No. 1 Slope, rock channel, caused the roof of the mine to fall in just over that spot. Through the crevices thus formed a flood of water, sand and dirt instantly began rushing into the mine. The danger was imminent, and the warning was brief. Word was passed as soon as possible to abandon the mine. The men dropped crowbars and picks, and made a dash for the slope, or main gangway, leading to the surface of the ground. Some escaped in safety; others, overtaken by the rushing water, and buried, in some cases, up to their necks, were rescued with the greatest difficulty by their comrades, and dragged fainting to the upper air. But there were still others, who had not heard the warning in time, and who were cut off from all exit, perhaps even from air to breathe. Between twenty and thirty of these unfortunates were left in the flooded mine.

The alarm having spread through the town, crowds of frightened people hastened to the mines. The relatives and friends of the entombed miners stood helplessly about the mouth of the shaft, weeping and wringing their hands. A few more men from below, who had succeeded in reaching the air-shaft, were hauled to the surface; but the list still remained incomplete by more than a score. There was nothing left but to dig them out—a disheartening labor which must, with every exertion, require several days and nights. There were, however, plenty of volunteers for the work; and these were lowered in gangs every hour, by means of a temporary derrick erected over the fan-house. They worked like heroes, but reported an immense amount of sand and debris blocking up the passageway. The water had come from a pool on the surface, following the rock to an aperture in the seam, and flowing into the slopes and gangways of the mine.

All through the night, and continuously through Saturday, Sunday and Monday, the brave rescuers worked with desperate energy. Yet their progress was discouragingly slow. They were picked men, of herculean strength. In the choked gangway, stripped to the waist, black as the coal amongst which they were working, knee-deep in water and mud, and with the perspiration streaming from every pore, these gallant men worked like horses. The gangway being blocked up, there was no circulation of air. The fan was worked double speed, but forcing air into that gangway was like driving it into an air-tight room. The effects of the vitiated air were so exhausting, that the gangs of workers had to be constantly changed. A second force, tunneling from the air-shaft, labored under still greater difficulties. Only a small tunnel was attempted, and but one man at a time could work at the face. He excavated the culm and sand, and as he loosened it cast it over his shoulder. Behind him extended a long row of workmen, who in turn shoveled the dirt backwards until it reached the opening. The men had to work on their knees, and the terrible strain and exertion required to carry on their labor in this cramped position can be imagined.

Night and day, until Tuesday, the 21st inst., this desperate toil was persevered in. The people of Nanticoke watched the progress of the work with intense interest and suspense, hoping and despairing by turns. The agony of those who had sons, husbands, fathers and brothers in the fatal mine was painful to witness. One unfortunate girl, who had two brothers there, died from the shock, and another sister has lost her reason. Aged men worked with the strength of giants in the hope of saving their sons.

The forlorn hope of rescue was kept up until after the midnight of Monday. Then it was reluctantly abandoned. The work continued, and is still in progress; but it is the work of finding the bodies of the dead, not of saving the living. The exact number of victims is stated to be twenty-three. The majority of them were married, and the catastrophe has made seventeen widows and fifty-two orphans. This is a terrible result, whether of pure accident or of negligence. In either case, the very least that can be done will be an earnest and active effort to provide against the recurrence of such a disaster.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE GUM-TREES OF QUEENSLAND.

The country along the route of the Northern Railway, between Gosford and Lake Macquarie, New South Wales, is rich in timber of the finest kind, which will become marketable upon the opening of the line. At Gillaby-Gillaby, where our view was taken, forests of gum-trees, or eucalypti, tower to a height of 200 feet, while many trunks are fifteen feet in diameter, and without a branch for sixty or seventy feet. The turpentine trees are equally remarkable, and a crooked stem is rare among them. The timber of these latter trees possesses the especial merit of being impervious to the attacks of the *terredo navalis*; and nearly every new wharf constructed in and about Sydney stands upon turpentine piles.

BRITISH RULE IN BURMAH.

In previous publications of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, we have recorded and commented upon the surrender of King Thebaw and his capital city of Mandalay, on the 28th ult., to General Prendergast, commander of the British military expedition up the Irrawaddy River. Thebaw, with his Queen and her ladies, has been sent to India, where he will be comfortably and honorably treated. Lord Dufferin has stated that the British Government in England will determine what shall be done with Upper Burma, whether it is to be annexation to the British Indian Empire, or the establishment of a Protectorate, with the nominal reign of some Burmese Prince. Colonel Sladen, whose portrait we give, took charge of the deposed King at Mandalay, and readily allowed His Majesty to keep his ring of rubies, and the Queen to wear her diamond necklace and other jewels. The palace, however, was entered after their departure by some of the lawless people of the city, and for several hours Mandalay was the scene of robbery and riot. The British troops have since restored comparative

order in the city, and the native Government officials, with few exceptions, agreed to continue their functions under the direction of General Prendergast, who will remain until Mr. T. Bernard, the Commissioner of British Burmah, shall have organized a Provisional Administration of the newly conquered province.

THE CONSTANTINOPLE CONFERENCE.

We give a view of the Conference Room, in Constantinople, where the diplomatic representatives of the great European Powers are at present discussing the new aspects of the Eastern question developed by the war between Serbia and Bulgaria. The Conference is attended by M. de Nelidoff, the Russian Ambassador; Count Calice, the Austrian; Count von Radowitz, the Ambassador of Germany; Sir William White, the acting British Minister; the French Marquis de Noailles; the Italian Minister, Count Corti; and Said Pasha and Servor Pasha, on behalf of the Sultan. The British representative is a diplomatist of long standing, and has recently been Minister Resident at Bucharest. His conduct of the present negotiations is highly approved, and it is not unlikely that the influence of the British Government will obtain the restoration of peace, with reasonable concessions to the wishes of the people in Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia, and without sacrificing Prince Alexander, who had defended their cause.

THE BURIAL OF KING ALFONSO XII.

After lying in state in the Royal Palace at Madrid, the body of the late King Alfonso XII. of Spain was removed, on Sunday, November 29th, to the Monastery of the Escorial, where the obsequies of burial took place. The body was carried into the church by Spanish nobles, and placed on a raised bier before the grand altar. The coffin was then covered with the four cloaks of the noble orders. A thousand tapers were lighted, and the church assumed a magnificent appearance. A Mass was said, and the "Miserere" sung. The coffin was raised once more, and carried to the entrance of the stairs leading down to the vaults. No one descended there except the Prior, the Minister of Grace and Justice, and the Lord Chamberlain. The coffin was placed on a table in a magnificent black marble vault, in which the Kings of Spain lie in huge marble tombs all around. Now came the most thrilling part of the ceremony. The Lord Chamberlain unlocked the coffin, which was covered with cloth of gold, raised the glass covering from the King's face, then, after requesting perfect silence, knelt down and shouted three times in the dead monarch's ear, "Señor! Señor! Señor!" Those waiting in the church up-stairs heard the call, which was like a cry of despair, for it came from the lips of the Duke of Sexto, the King's favorite companion. The duke then rose, saying, according to the ritual, "His Majesty does not answer. Then it is true the King is dead." He locked the coffin, handed the keys to the Prior, and taking up his wand of office, broke it in his hand, and flung the pieces at the foot of the table. Then every one left the monastery, as the bells tolled, and the guns announced to the people that Alfonso XII. had been laid with his ancestors in the gloomy pile of Philip II. An official funeral ceremony was held in Madrid on the 12th of December.

THE BULGARIANS AT PIROT.

Prince Alexander, after driving the Servians out of the Dragoman Pass and Tzaribrod, followed up his victories, and advanced upon the Servian town of Pirot. On the 26th of November there was a general stampede of the inhabitants from this place, of which the Bulgarians took possession, thus establishing their headquarters on Servian soil. Our picture shows the Bulgarians making a reconnaissance of the town.

A "HUSTLER."

"I HAD a little experience the other night," said a drummer, "that took all of my nerve and gall to bear up under. Ever since I've been on the road I've made it a principle to meet all engagements. More than once have I skipped three or four towns in which I was sure of selling big bills of goods in order to keep my engagement to call on some girl or other. When I agree to be at a certain place at a given minute, you can bet your last dollar I'll be there. Well, the other day I landed in St. Louis, and suddenly discovered that, in a moment of forgetfulness, I had promised to take two girls to the theatre that night. The girls were not acquainted, either. I hate a liar and a sneak, and the girls' brothers were customers of mine, and so, after thinking the whole thing over, I made up my mind I'd live up to my contract. So I bought my seats at two theatres, engaged my carriage, and prepared for the campaign. I sent word to the first one that I'd call for her rather early, and to the other that I might be a few minutes late. I whirled No. 1 off, seated her, excused myself for a minute before the rising of the curtain, slipped out, and in two seconds the horses were on a run for No. 2. I got her in the seat five minutes after the curtain rose; stayed the act out, excused myself, went back to the other, apologized, and everything was all right. I spent the evening flitting from one to the other, and got my money's worth out of the hackman, as I made him hump. I made inquiries as to the hour the plays would be over, and found that I had twenty-five minutes' leeway. Then I made such good use of those twenty-five minutes that I got No. 1 home and was back after No. 2 just as the curtain went down. To do this cost me \$12, and the next day I had to skip out of town because the hackman was after me with a bill for one of his horses, which had died from overdriving, but not till after I had sold big bills of goods to the girls' brothers. Besides, I had the satisfaction of keeping my engagements and of performing an unparalleled feat in the theatre-going business. That's the kind of a hustler I am."

HABITS OF LITERARY WORKERS.

A WRITER in the London *News* says: "It has been said that genius consists in a great capacity for taking pains. We fancy this definition does not cover all that is implied in genius; but that it covers much the following examples will show. Pope printed nothing until it had been a year or two beside him, and even then his proof-sheets were full of corrections and alterations. Goldsmith took seven years to finish the 'Deserted Village' to his liking, and often considered four lines a day good work. Robertson, the historian, wrote his sentences on small slips of paper, and, after polishing them carefully, copied them into a book, which was in turn frequently revised. Burke was particularly attentive to the art of putting things. He kept a private press, and set up in it his volumes before they were sent to the

publisher, so that he might have the advantage of seeing how his gems of thought placed in pearls of expression looked. Akenside and Gray lavished time and toil on each line of their poems. Thomson, in penning his 'Seasons,' grudged no labor in giving it touches of beauty and taste. St. Pierre wrote his 'Paul and Virginia' nine times, that it might be made as perfect as possible. Burns loved to compose in the open air, and strove hard to give to his poems the exquisite lights and shadows which make them so valuable. His watchfulness over them did not end with publication; it extended to the later issues, which owed much to his pruning-knife. Possessors of early editions may judge of this for themselves by comparing their copies with after editions. The elaborating processes through which Tennyson's poems pass is proverbial. Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge and Moore were scarcely less careful, though their revisions have not attracted so much attention as those of the Poet-Laneate.

"To these examples of painstaking men of letters there are brilliant exceptions. Shakespeare did not, so far as we know, correct much, but he was a genius of the highest order. Carried away by the force of masterful inspiration, he could not pause to consider how a word might be changed, or how a thought might be set in more beautiful language. With Milton 'what was written was written'; it was sacred from the touch of the correcting pen. Lord Byron wrote at fever-speed; but even he sometimes lingered long over the wording of a favorite phrase. Gibbon sent his first and only manuscript of his matchless history direct to the publisher; and Johnson dashed off with rapidity and ease the swelling sentences which have been compared to the rise and fall of a cathedral organ.

"Some celebrated authors practiced rather peculiar habits in their literary labors. Rousseau, with a due regard for the fitness of things, wrote the love-letters in his 'New Heloise' on gilt-edged card-paper. After being folded, addressed, and sealed, they were opened by him in his lonely walks in the woods of Clarens, and read as they might be read by a lover transported with delight over his fair lady's epistles. Sheridan, like many of his brethren of the pen, was ever on the watch for a good thought; and when it came he first clothed it in appropriate language, and then rewarded it for its kindness in coming his way by drinking a glass of wine in its honor.

PERSIAN ART IN RUGS.

OUR people are not fully acquainted with the marvelous arts of the East, and in many things our most skillful artisans fall short of the productions of lowly toilers who are unacquainted with any but the most simple appliances for manufacturing. As the arts of sculpture and painting seem to have had their origin with the Egyptians, many of the most beautiful forms of decoration come from the Persians. Quite likely the Arabs derived the arts, afterwards developed by them in Spain and elsewhere, from the Persians, who even during their greatest religious fervor declined to be bound by the narrow bigotry of their conquerors, who were averse to natural forms in art ornamentation. Thus we find, even among the Mohammedan Persians, a greater freedom in copying from nature than would be tolerated among the Arabs. Carpets had their origin in the Persian habit of sitting and sleeping on the ground. What was at first a necessity of ordinary life became a luxury, and to-day in Persia and Turkey a man's wealth may be judged by the number and quality of his rugs. The Persian loom is simply a frame on which the warp is stretched, and the woof consists of short threads woven into the warp with the fingers without a shuttle. When a row of the woof is thus completed, a sort of comb is inserted into the warp and pressed against the loose row of woof, until it is sufficiently tightened to the net of the web. The ends of the woof are then clipped until an even surface is obtained. The knotting is peculiar for strength, and cannot be imitated by machinery. The rough usages to which these rugs are put demand strength and colors that are indelible, for the carpets are not only used for household purposes, but also in traveling, being placed on the damp, uneven ground at night, or thrown during the day over the back of the camel in the hot, glaring sun. Unlike English and other foreign makes, which are colored wholly by chemicals and aniline dyes, the Persian products are colored from plants and flowers, and practically indelible. Most of the rugs that reach this country are made in poor families, coming here through business houses in Constantinople. The best rugs and carpets are made in well-to-do families and families of taste, and find their way here through art-collectors who travel through the interior of the Orient. Beautiful as are the recent designs in English and other foreign carpets, they are but indifferent in comparison with the more chaste and tasteful products of Persian and Turkish looms. Nothing can exceed the richness of invention with which the various designs are fashioned from the simple primitive forms and colors, and there are produced a thousand combinations not one of which is in discord with the whole design.

A MARTYR OF LITERATURE.

THE following recently appeared in a local weekly: "I remember a long talk I once had with the present Tom Hood, when he was the editor of *Fun*, in London. He spoke, among other matters, of his father's terrible straits in his literary career, and told me that on more occasions than one he had to send out, when his illness was too far advanced to permit him to go out of doors himself, to borrow money to buy the next day's food for his family. This statement has a grim significance, for when an Englishman's credit with his butcher runs out he must be poor indeed. Humor, like poetry, must be valued for quality, not quantity. Yet, even when it is thus estimated, it is never, to say the least, overpaid. We hear of Lord Tennyson receiving \$5,000 for a couple of verses, but never of a Jerrold or a Hood receiving even \$500 for a couple of *bon mots*. The life of the humorist thus referred to is probably the most conclusive evidence that could be raised in support of the common theory that those who contribute to the merriment of mankind are, as a class, among the least happy of their species. The life and death of the author of the 'Song of the Shirt' is one of the most pathetic tragedies of modern times. It is well summed up in this announcement in his own magazine, *Hood's Own*, a few days before his death: 'Up to Thursday, the 23d, Mr. Hood did not relinquish the hope that he should have strength to continue in the present number the novel which he began in the last. . . . On the same evening, sitting up in bed, he tried to invent and sketch a few comic designs; but

even this effort exceeded his strength, and was followed by the wandering delirium of utter nervous exhaustion.'

"Of this miserable episode of his career, his wife wrote in a private letter, as follows: 'All Tuesday, Hood had been in such an exhausted state, he was obliged to go to bed, but I was up all night ready to write at his dictation if he felt able; but it was so utter a prostration of strength that he could scarcely speak, much less use his head at all. The doctor said it was extreme exhaustion from the cold weather, want of air and exercise, acted upon by great anxiety of mind and nervousness. . . . The shorter the time became the more nervous he was, and incapable of writing. . . . His distress that the last post was come without his being able to send (manuscript to a magazine) was dreadful.'

"Yet on this very night described by his wife, when racked by agonies of body and torn by anxieties of mind, he managed to draw two humorous sketches, which were afterwards published in his magazine. One was a magpie with a hood, such as is used to blind hares when they are taken to the hunt, on its head, which was called 'Hood's Mag.' The pun was a poor one, it must be admitted. The other picture was more to the point. It represented a collection of bottles, leeches and blisters, and was called, with sardonic humor, 'The Editor's Apologies.'

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE latest list of American beetles describes 9,490 species on this continent alone.

MR. BELL, the famous electrician, says that the problem of seeing by electricity is so nearly solved as to give much encouragement to those at work in that wonderful field of physics.

DR. ANTONIN MARTIN says that the flavor of cod-liver oil may be changed to the delightful one of fresh oysters, if the patient will drink a large glass of water poured from a vessel in which nails have been allowed to rust.

PROFESSOR BRAUER divides insects into six super-orders and sixteen orders. He holds that there are no connecting types between the orders now existing, and that the path to a common ancestral form is interrupted in many places.

A PHOTOGRAPH of a section of the sky has been taken, at the Paris Observatory, some five degrees square, which shows three thousand stars on a ten-inch square plate. This would indicate that there are twenty million stars up to the fourteenth magnitude, inclusive.

PANORAMIC photographs in connection with military surveying and the like are now taken by a simple French instrument called the cylindrograph. A semi-circular cylinder, having a small lens in the centre, moves on an axis, and is provided with a dark slide of some material that bends without breaking. When a view is to be taken the lens is moved from one side of the landscape to the other.

ENGINEERING describes, under the name of "mystery gold," an alloy resembling gold in appearance, weight, and in withstanding the jeweler's test of strong acids. Its analysis is given as follows: Silver, 2.48; platinum, 32.02; copper, by difference, 65.50. Strong boiling in nitric acid, even when an article made of it is left in it for some time, has apparently no effect upon the alloy, which is coming extensively into use.

It is predicted that, in the course of the next five years, the steel nail will have as completely supplanted the iron nail as the steel rail has its iron predecessor. Already one-half of the nails manufactured in Wheeling are made of steel, and the machinery and plant necessary for their manufacture are being set up in every nail centre and at nearly every nail foundry. It is said that steel nails can be made about ten cents per keg cheaper than those made of iron, even where the manufacturer has to purchase his ingots.

M. EITNER proposes in the *Revue Industrielle* this simple method for testing the quality of the leather used for belting: A small piece is cut out of the belt and placed in vinegar. If the leather has been perfectly tanned, and is therefore of good quality, it will remain immersed in the vinegar—even for several months—without any other change than becoming a little darker in color. If, on the contrary, it is not well impregnated with tannin, the fibres will promptly swell, and after a short time become converted into a gelatinous mass.

It is said that in France some experiments were recently made with regard to the temperature of the water supplied to cows and its effect upon the milk yielded by them, the food being kept substantially the same. The quantity of milk obtained from the cows given water to drink at 113° Fahrenheit was one-third more than that from the cows that had to drink cold water, but nothing definite is stated regarding the quality of the milk or of the comparative effect of the differently heated drinks upon the physical condition of the animals.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

DECEMBER 19TH.—In Albany, N. Y., Dr. Norman Leslie Snow, President of the Board of Aldermen of that city, aged 46 years; in Liverpool, England, Stephen B. Guion, founder of the Guion Steamship Company, aged 65 years; in Chatham, N. Y., W. A. Fitch, a well-known journalist, and one of the founders of *Outing*, aged 60 years; in Bennington, Vt., ex-Governor Ryland Fletcher, aged 86 years. DECEMBER 20TH.—In New York, Professor John Christopher Draper, aged 50 years, at Pierrepont Manor, Jefferson County, N. Y., William C. Pierrepont, LL.D., a wealthy descendant of one of the old Patrons, aged 82 years. DECEMBER 21ST.—In Lancaster, Pa., the Rev. E. Greenwald, D.D., pastor of Trinity Lutheran Church, aged 75 years. DECEMBER 22d.—In France, Francois M. T. Labrousse, the eminent architect; in Chester, N. H., the Rev. Dr. Daniel J. Noyes, Professor of Metaphysics and Political Economy in Dartmouth College, aged 74 years; in New York, Captain Stephen Roe, a well-known Hudson River steamboat-man, aged 77 years. DECEMBER 23d.—In Louisville, Ky., the Rev. Friedrich Judt, an old and well-known German Protestant preacher, aged 80 years; in Lowell, Mass., John Orne Green, M.D., a well-known physician, aged 87 years; in Brooklyn, N. Y., Captain Daniel Bayha, prominent in German organizations. DECEMBER 25th.—In Elmira, N. Y., J. M. Robinson, brother of ex-Governor Lucius Robinson, aged 72 years; in New York, Benjamin Tatham, a leading lead manufacturer, and member of the Society of Friends, aged 71 years.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE Hinman target has been adopted as the standard target for American riflemen.

A RECENT CENSUS of Berlin, Prussia, shows a population of 1,316,382, an increase of 200,000 since 1880.

THE New York Yacht Club has accepted the challenge of the British cutter-yacht *Galatea* to race for the possession of the *America's* cup.

GERMAN financiers are about to send delegates to China with a view of negotiating with that Government in the matter of establishing a railroad system throughout the empire.

THE returns of the late British elections show that 4,842,514 persons voted, against 3,221,864 on the polling-lists last year. This is an increase under the Franchise Act of 1,620,650 voters.

CHOLERA is raging in the Province of Venice, Italy. Many people are fleeing from the province. The Austrian Government has ordered that sanitary regulations be enforced at the frontier.

MR. COX, the United States Minister to Turkey, has begun negotiations with the Porte for a naturalization treaty, by which citizens of Turkey and the United States will have equal rights in both countries.

THE passenger agents of the trunk railroad lines have agreed to "boycott" the ticket-scalpers, and to withdraw all commissions from agents except steamship agents who sell emigrant tickets in England and on the Continent.

THE British Government has promised the Sultan that England will defend Turkish interests in the Balkans so long as they accord with those of Europe, and that she will arrange immediately with the Powers for a settlement of the Roumelian question.

At an oyster-opening match in New York city last week, John Gillen opened 2,300 valves in 2h. 18m. 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ s., while Frank Barrett, of Norfolk, Va., opened 2,500 in 2h. 23m. 39 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. Barrett had previously offered Gillen a handicap of 200 in 2,500 oysters, and bet \$100 on the result.

THE Salt Lake *Tribune*, in constant warfare with Mormonism, is also represented to be in a state of continual siege. A correspondent says that "the office and composing-rooms are veritable arsenals. Rifles and six-shooters are placed near every 'case' in the composing-room, and the editorial-rooms fairly bristle with arms."

INFORMATION has been received that the German man-of-war *Naudius* has raised the German flag on the Marshall and Gilbert groups of islands, in the Southern Pacific, and claimed for the Government a protectorate over them. These islands number about fifty in all. The natives are said to be civilized, and to have been for many years under the influence of the American Missionary Society.

Among the Bills introduced into the House of Representatives is one forbidding the entry of Chinese laborers for a period of twenty years. It provides for the identification by photography of Chinese laborers who are entitled to return to this country, provides additional safeguards against the illegal entry of Chinese, and limits the number of Chinese passengers to one for every fifty tons of a vessel's burden.

At the trial, last week, of a Salt Lake City policeman for conspiracy to entrap non-Mormon officials into disreputable houses, the defendant confessed that he had agreed to give a certain woman \$25 for each person she entrapped, and a County Selectman and an officer in the Church admitted having contributed \$500 towards hiring these women. He said the scheme was put through by an association of citizens.

RAILROAD men in the West are watching with great interest the experiments and advance of the use of automatic brakes on freight trains. The Chicago and Northwestern has fitted out forty of its freight engines with automatic brakes as an experiment, and it is believed by many that in less than five years every freight train in the country will be similarly equipped. The first road to secure such an equipment was the Denver and Rio Grande.

A MEMORIAL is to be sent to Congress by New England fishermen protesting against the negotiation of any new fisheries treaty with Canada. The memorial represents that the interests of the American fisheries, comprehending in their operations a capital of \$37,955,349, with products of \$43,000,000, employing 131,426 persons, and supporting 525,704 others, would inevitably suffer from any treaty which would be satisfactory to the Canadian Government.

THE *Western Sentinel*, published at Winston, N. C., is an admirable representative of the advanced journalism of the South. Its holiday issue, a triple sheet of twelve pages, is especially devoted to a presentation of the growth and prosperity of Winston-Salem, and its exhibit cannot fail to attract wide attention to the advantages which the twin-city offers to capitalists and men of enterprise. The editor of the *Sentinel*, Mr. Edward A. Oldham, may well felicitate himself upon the success which has attended his efforts to make his journal a potential force in the Old North State.

A BILL has been introduced in the United States Senate by Mr. Hampton, which is designed to put an end to the office-seeking nuisance. The Bill makes it a misdemeanor for any Senator or Representative to solicit appointments, and subjects the offender to a fine of \$1,000. The Bill also provides that when the appointing power wishes to consult a member in regard to an appointment, it shall be in writing, and the letter and the reply shall go on file. The Bill is not likely to pass, though there is much grumbling among members of both Houses concerning the evil at which it is aimed.

THE artistic attractions of the Hoffman House, New York city, which have for some time enjoyed celebrity, are receiving continued additions. The paintings, statues and *bric-a-brac*, scattered over a number of large rooms, form a richer collection, perhaps, than even the frequenters of the place are aware of; and the proprietors are justly proud of the elegant portfolio which they have just issued, containing engravings of the chief pictures and other artistic gems adorning their establishment, accompanied by descriptive text. The names of Correggio, Boudin, Etienne, Spriodon, Falero, Sadler, Merle, Chelmonski, Schlesinger, and other painters and sculptors of international reputation, figure upon the catalogue. These masters are represented by some of their best works, which constitute in themselves an art-exhibition of a high order of merit.



"HOPE YOU'LL DO BETTER THAN THAT!"

UNCLE SAM'S MAGIC LANTERN—A RETROSPECT OF THE OLD YEAR.

SEE PAGE 326.



PENNSYLVANIA.—THE RECENT DISASTER AT THE MINES NEAR NANTICOKE—TUNNELING THROUGH THE FALLEN DÉBRIS IN ORDER TO RESCUE THE ENTOMBED MINERS—PASSING THE BUCKETS.

FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 320.

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The Mystery of the Mill.

By

ANNA KATHARINE GREEN.

Author of "THE LEAVENWORTH CASE," "A HAND AND A KING," "A STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IX.—AN UNEXPECTED DISCOVERY.

I turned away, I could not speak;
Like shadows on a moonlit stream,
I felt my thoughts confusing break.
Across an underlying gleam.

WHETHER intentionally or unintentionally, I was saved the embarrassment of meeting Gny Pollard at the breakfast-table the next morning. I was, therefore, left in ignorance as to the result of the conversation between the brothers, though from the softened manner of Dwight, and the quiet assurance with which he surrounded me with the delicate breath of his homage, I could not but argue that he had come out master of the situation.

It was, therefore, with mingled feelings of pleasure and apprehension that I left the house at the hour appointed for the double funeral; feelings that would have been yet more alive had I realized that I should not re-enter those gates again, or see the interior of that fatal house till I had passed through many bitter experiences.

The ceremonies, in spite of the latent suspicion of the community that Mr. Barrows's death had been one of his own seeking, were of the most touching and impressive description. I was overcome by them, and left the churchyard before the final prayer was said, feeling as if the life of the last three days had been a dream, and that here in the memory of my lovely Ada and her griefs lay my true existence and the beginning and ending of my most sacred duty.

Pursuant to this thought I did not turn immediately back to the gloomy mansion which claimed me for the present as its own, but wandered away in an opposite direction, soothing my conscience by the thought that it was many hours yet before the services would be held for Mrs. Pollard, and that neither the brothers nor Mrs. Harrington could have any use for me till that time.

The road I had taken was a sequestered one, and strange as it may seem to some, did not awaken special memories in my mind till I came to a point where an opening in the trees gave to my view the vision of two tall chimneys; when like a flash it came across me that I was on the mill road, and within a few short rods of the scene of Mr. Barrows's death.

The sensation that seized me at this discovery was of the strangest kind. I felt that I had been led there; and without a thought of what I was doing, pressed on with ever-increasing rapidity till I came to the open doorway with its dismantled entrance.

To pass over the now much-trodden grass and take my stand by the dismal walls was the work of an instant; but when I had done this and experienced in a rush the loneliness and ghostly influence of the place, I was fain to turn back and leave it to the dream of its own fearful memories. But the sight of a small piece of paper pinned or pasted on the board that had been nailed in futile precaution across the open doorway deterred me. It was doubtless nothing more important than a notice from the city authorities, or possibly from the proprietors of the place, but my curiosity was excited, and I desired to see it. So I hastened over to where it was, and with little apprehension of the shock that was destined to overwhelm me, read these words:

"Those who say Mr. Barrows committed suicide, lie. He was murdered, and by parties whose position places them above suspicion, as their wealth and seeming prosperity rob them of even the appearance of motive for such a terrible deed."

No names mentioned; but O God! And that word *murdered*. It swam before my eyes; it burned itself into everything upon which I looked, it settled like a weight of iron upon my heart, pressing me nearer and nearer and nearer to the ground, till finally—Ah! can it be that this is really I, and that I am standing here in a desolate place alone, with no human being in sight, and with a paper in my hand that seems to grow larger and larger as I gaze and ask me what I mean to do now, and whether in tearing it from the wall where it hung, I allied myself to the accused or by one stroke proclaimed myself that avenger which, if the words on this paper were true, I owed it to my Ada and the promise which I had given her to be. The cloud that enveloped my brain pressed upon me too closely for me to give an answer to questions so vital and terrific. I was in a maze—a horrible dream; I could not think, I could only suffer, and at last creep away like a shadow of guiltiness to where a cluster of cedars made a sort of retreat into which I felt I could thrust my almost maddened head and be lost.

For great shocks reveal deep secrets, and in the light of this pitiless accusation flashing out from the unknown, so mysterious and therefore so much to be dreaded, this fact had revealed itself without disguise to my eyes, that it was love I felt for Dwight Pollard; not admiration, not curiosity, not even the natural desire to understand one so seemingly impenetrable, but love, real, true yearning and despotic love, which if well-founded might have made my bliss for a lifetime, and which now—I thrust the paper between my lips to keep down the cry that rose there, and hiding my face deep down in the turf, mourned the weakness which had made me so ready a victim, while at the same time I prepared to sustain the struggle which I knew must there and then be waged and decided if I was ever to face the world again with the strength and calmness which my nature demanded, and the extraordinary circumstances of my position imposed.

The result was an hour of misery, with a sensation of triumph at the end; though I do not pretend to say that in this one effort I overcame the admiration and interest which attached my thoughts to this man. The accusation was as yet too vague, and its source too doubtful, to blot his image with ineffaceable stains; but I did succeed in gaining sufficient mastery over myself to make it possible to review the situation and give what I meant should be an unbiased judgment as to the duty it imposed upon me.

The result was a determination to hold myself neutral till I had at least discovered the author of the lines I held in my hand. If they came from a creditable person—but how could they do so and be written and posted up in the manner they were? An honest man does not seek any such roundabout way to strike his blow. Only a coward or a villain would take this method to arouse public curiosity and perhaps create public suspicion.

And yet who could say that a coward and a villain might not be speaking the truth even in an accusation of this nature? The very fact that it met and gave form and substance to my own dim and unrecognized fears proved that something as yet unknown and unsounded connected the mysterious death of Mr. Barrows with the family towards which this accusation evidently pointed. While my own heart beat with dread, how could I ignore the possibility of these words being the work of an accomplice disgusted with his crime or of a tool anxious to save himself and at the same time to avenge some fancied slight? I could not. If peace and hope were lost in the effort, I must learn the truth and satisfy myself once and for all as to whose hatred and fear the Pollards were indebted for insinuations at once so tremendous and so veiled.

That I was the only person who had probably seen and read these fatal words lent purpose to my resolution. If, as I madly hoped, they were but the expression of suspicion rather than of knowledge, what a satisfaction it would be for me to discover the fact and possibly unmask the cowardly author before the public mind had been infected by his doubts.

But how could I, a woman and a stranger, with no other talisman than my will and patience, accomplish a purpose which would be, perhaps, no easy one for a trained detective to carry out to a successful issue? The characters in which the fatal insinuations had been conveyed offered no clew. They were printed, and in so rough and commonplace a manner that the keenest mind would have found itself baffled if it had attempted to trace its way to the writer through the mere medium of the lines he had transcribed. I must therefore choose some other means of attaining my end; but what one?

I had never, in spite of the many trials and embarrassments of my life, been what is called an intriguing woman. Nor had I ever amused myself with forming plots or devising plans for extricating imaginary characters out of fancied difficulties by the mere exercise of their wits. *Finesse* was almost an unknown word to me, and yet as I sat there with this fatal bit of paper in my hand, I felt that a power hitherto unguessed was awakening within me, and that if I could but restrain the emotions which threatened to dissipate my thoughts, I should yet hit upon a plan by which my design could be attained with satisfaction to myself and safety to others.

For—and this was my first idea—the paper had not been on the wall long. It was too fresh to have hung there over night, and had, moreover, been too poorly secured to have withstood even for an hour the assaults of a wind as keen as that which had been blowing all the morning. It had therefore been put up a few moments before I came, or, in other words, while the funeral services were being held; a fact which to my mind argued a deep calculation on the part of the writer, for the hour was one to attract all wanderers to the other end of the town, while the following one would, on the contrary, see this quarter overflow with human beings anxious to complete the impression made by the funeral services by a visit to the scene of the tragedy.

That the sky had clouded over very much in the last half-hour, and that the first drops of a heavy thunder-shower were even now sifting through the branches over my head, was doubtless the reason why no one besides myself had yet arrived upon the scene; and, should the storm continue, this evil might yet be averted, and the one person I was most anxious to see have an opportunity to show himself at the place without being confounded with a mass of disinterested people. For I felt he would return, and soon, to note the result of his daring action. In the crowd, if a crowd assembled, or alone, if it so chanced that no one came to the spot, he would draw near the mill, and, if he found the notice gone, would betray, must betray, an interest or an alarm that would reveal him to my watchful eye. For I intended to take up my stand within the doorway, using, if necessary, the storm as my excuse for desiring its shelter; while as a precaution against suspicions that might be dangerous to me, as well as a preventive against any one else ever reading these accusatory lines, I determined to dip the paper in the stream, and then drop it near the place where it had been tacked, that it might seem as if it had been beaten off by the rain, now happily falling faster and faster.

All this I did, not without some apprehension of being observed by a watchful eye. For what surety had I that the writer of these words was not even now in hiding, or had not been looking at me from some secret retreat at the very moment I tore the paper off the wall and fled with it into the bushes?

But this fear, if fear it was, was gradually dispelled as the moments sped by, and nothing beyond the wind and the fast driving rain penetrated to where I stood. Nor did it look as if any break in what seemed likely to become a somewhat

dread monotony would ever occur. The fierce dash of the storm was like a barrier, shutting me off from the rest of the world, and had my purpose been less serious, my will less nerved, I might have succumbed to the dreariness of the outlook and taken myself away while yet the gruesome influences that lay crouched in the darkness at my back remained in abeyance, and neither ghost's step nor man's step had come to shake the foundations of my courage and make of my silent watch a struggle and a fear.

But an intent like mine was not to be relinquished at the first call of impatience or dread. Honor, love and duty were at stake, and I held to my resolution, though each passing moment made it more difficult to maintain my hope as well as to sustain my composure.

At last! Oh, why did that hollow of darkness behind me reverberate so continually in my fancy? There seemed, there was, a movement in the bushes by the road, and a form crept gradually into sight that, when half seen, made the blood cease coursing through my veins; and, when fully in view, sent it in torrents to heart and brain; so deep, so vivid, so peculiar was the relief I felt. For—realize the effect upon me if you can—the figure that now stole towards me through the dank grass, looking and peering for the notice I had torn from the wall, was no other than my friend—or was it my enemy?—the idiot boy.

He was soaked with the rain, but he seemed oblivious of the fact. For him the wind had evidently no fierceness, the wet no chill. All his energies—and he seemed, as in that first moment when I saw him in the summer-house, to be alive with them—were concentrated in the gaze of his large eyes, as, coming nearer and nearer, he searched the wall, then the ground, and finally, with a leap, picked up the soaked and useless paper which I had dropped there.

His expression as he raised himself and looked fiercely about almost made me reveal myself. This an idiot, this trembling, wrathful, denunciatory figure, with its rings of hair clinging to a forehead pale with passion and corrugated with thought! Were these gestures, sudden, determined and full of subdued threatening, the offspring of an erratic brain or the expression of a fool's hatred? I could not believe it, and stood as if fascinated before this vision, that not only upset every past theory which my restless mind had been able to form of the character and motives of the secret denunciator of the Pollards, but awakened new thoughts and new inquiries of a nature which I vaguely felt to be as mysterious as any which had hitherto engaged my attention.

Meantime the boy had crushed the useless paper in his hand, and, flinging it aside, turned softly about as if to go. I had no wish to detain him. I wished to make inquiries first, and learn if possible all that was known of his history and circumstances before I committed myself to an interview. If he were an idiot—well, that would simplify matters much; but, if he were not, or being one, had moments of reason, then a mystery appeared that would require all the ingenuity and tact of a Machiavelli to elucidate. The laugh which had risen from the shrubbery the night before, and the look which Dwight Pollard had given when he heard it, proved that a mystery did exist, and gave me strength to let the boy vanish from my sight with his secret unsolved and his purposes unguessed.

CHAPTER X.—ZARA COLWELL.

In the mesh of her glance, all my being was thrall'd.

Ah, I know such a love is not good—
That its passion undoes what its purity makes.

IT was not long after this that the storm began to abate. Sunshine took the place of clouds, and I was enabled to make my way back to the town at the risk of nothing worse than wet feet. I went at once to my boarding-house. Though I was expected back at the Pollards', though my presence seemed almost necessary there, I felt that it would be impossible for me to enter their door till something of the shadow that now enveloped their name had fallen away. I, therefore, sent them word that unlooked-for circumstances compelled me to remain at home for the present; and having thus dismissed one anxiety for the present from my mind, set myself to the task of gleanings what knowledge I could of the idiot boy.

The result was startling. He was, it seemed, a real idiot—or so had always been regarded by those who had known him from his birth. Not one of the ugly, mischievous sort, but a gentle, chuckling, vacant-brained boy, who loved to run the streets and mingle his harmless laughter with the shouts of playing children and the noise of mills and manufactories.

He was an orphan, but was neither poor nor dependent, for—and here was where the fact came in that astonished me—he had for protector a twin sister whose wits were as acute as his were dull; a sister who through years of orphanage had cherished and supported him, working sometimes for that purpose in the factories, and sometimes simply with her needle at home. They lived in a nest of a cottage on the edge of the town, and had the sympathy of all, though not perhaps the full liking of any. For Zara, the sister, was a being of an unique order, who while arousing the interest of a few, baffled the comprehension of the many. She was a problem: a creature out of keeping with her belongings and the circumstances in which she was placed. An airy, limon, subtle specimen of woman whose very beauty was of an unknown order, causing as much inquiry as admiration. A perfect blonde like her brother, she had none of the sweetness and fragility that usually accompanies such a type. On the contrary, there was something bizarre in her whole appearance, and especially in the peculiar expression of her eye, that awakened the strangest feelings and produced even in

the minds of those who saw her engaged in the most ordinary occupations of life an impression of remoteness that almost amounted to the uncanny. The fact that she affected brilliant colors and clothed both herself and brother in garments of a wellnigh fantastic make, added to this impression and gave perhaps some excuse to those persons who persisted in regarding her as abnormally constituted as her brother, finding it impossible, I suppose, to reconcile waywardness with industry, and a taste for the rich and beautiful with a poverty so respectable, it scarcely made itself known for the reality it was. A blonde gypsy some called her, a dangerous woman some others; and the latter would undoubtedly have been correct had the girl professed less pride of independence or been unhampered as she was untrammelled by the sense of responsibility towards her imbecile brother. As it was, more than one mother had had reason to ask why her son wore such a moody brow after returning from a certain quarter of the town, and at one time gossip had not hesitated to declare that Dwight Pollard—the haughty Dwight Pollard—had not been ashamed to be seen entering her door, though every one knew that no one stepped under its wreath of vines except their intentions were as honorable as the beauty, if not the poverty, of its owner might demand.

When I heard this, and heard also that he visited her no more, I seemed to have gained some enlightenment as to the odd and contradictory actions of my famous idiot boy. He loved his sister, and was in some way imbued with a sense that she had been wronged. He was, therefore, jealous of any one who had, or seemed to have, gained the attention of the man who had possibly forsaken her. Yet even with this explanation of his conduct, there was much for which I could not account, making my intended interview with the sister a matter to be more or less apprehended.

It was therefore with a composure altogether outward and superficial that I started for the quaint and tiny cottage which had been pointed out to me as the abode of these remarkable twins. I reached it just as the clock struck three, and was immediately impressed, as my informants evidently expected me to be, by the air of poetry and refinement that characterized even its humble exterior. But it was not till I had knocked at the door and been ushered into the house by the idiot brother, that my real astonishment began. For though the room in which I found myself did not, as I was afterwards assured, contain a single rich article, it certainly had the effect of luxuriance upon the eye; and had it not been for my inward agitation and suspense, would have produced a sense of languid pleasure, scarcely to be looked for in the abode of a simple working-girl. As it was, I was dimly conscious of a slight relief in the keen tension of my feelings, and turned with almost a sensation of hope to the boy who was smiling and grimacing beside me. But here another shock awaited me, for this boy was not the one I had seen at the mill barely two hours ago, or, rather, if it were the same—and the identity of his features, figure and dress with those I knew so well, seemed to proclaim him to be—he was in such a different mood now as to appear like another being. Laughing, merry and inane, he bore on his brow no sign nor suggestion of the fierce passion I had seen there, nor did his countenance change, though I looked at him steadily and long with a gaze that was anything but in keeping with his seemingly innocent mirth.

"It is not the boy I have known," I suddenly decided in my mind; and I cannot say in what wild surmises I might have indulged, if at that moment the door at my back had not opened and a figure stepped in which at the first glance attracted my whole attention and absorbed my thought.

Imagine a woman, lithe, blonde, beautiful, intense; with features regular as the carver's hand could make them, but informed with a spirit so venomous, passionate and perverse, that you lost sight of her beauty in your wonder at the formidable nature of the character she betrayed. Then see her dressed as no other woman ever dressed before, in a robe of scarlet of a cut and make quite its own, and conceive, if you can, the agitation I felt as I realized that in her I beheld my rival, my antagonist, the enemy of Dwight Pollard's peace and mine.

That her face, even the hatred that visibly contracted it as her eyes met mine, were familiar to me in the countenance and expression of the boy I had met, went for nothing. The beauty and malice of a seeming imbecile, and the same characteristics in a woman subtle and decided as this, awaken very different emotions in the mind. Though I had seen that same brow corrugated before, it was like a revelation to behold it now, and watch how the rosy lips took a straight line and the half-shut, mysterious eyes burned like a thread of light as she stretched out one white hand and asked half imperiously, half threateningly:

"Who are you, and for what do you come to me?"

"I am Constance Sterling," I retorted, satisfied that nothing short of the heroic treatment would avail with this woman; "and if I do not mistake, I think you know very well why I come here."

"Indeed!" came in something like a hiss from between her set lips. And in one short instant all that was best in her and all that was worst became suddenly visible, as turning to her softly chuckling brother, she motioned him gently out of the room, and then turning to me, advanced a step and said: "Will you explain yourself, Miss—or is it Mrs. Constance Sterling?"

"I will explain, myself," I returned, wondering, as I saw her cheeks pale and her eyes emit strange and fitful sparks, if I exerted any such influence over her as she did over me. "I said I thought you knew why I came here. I said this, because this is not the first time we have met, nor am I the first one who has presumed to address the

other in a tone that to a sensitive ear sounded like menace. The idiot boy—

"We will leave my brother out of the discussion," she broke in, in a voice so distinct I scarcely noted that it was nothing but a whisper.

"I am not alluding to your brother," I declared, meeting her eyes with a look steady as her own, and, I hope, more open.

"Oh, I see," she murmured; and she took another step, while the flash of her glance cut like a knife. "You accuse me then—"

"Of assuming a disguise to spy upon Dwight Pollard."

It was a well-spoken shaft, and quivered alive and burning in her heart of hearts. She gave a spring like the panther she seemed at that minute, but instantly recovered herself, and launching upon me the strangest smile, mockingly exclaimed:

"You are a brave woman." Then as I did not quail before her passion, drew up her slight figure to its height and said: "We are worthy of each other, you and I. Tell me what you want."

Then I felt my own cheek turn pale, and I was fain to sit upon the pile of cushions that were arranged in one corner for a seat.

"What I want?" I repeated. "I want to know how you dared put in language the insinuations which you hung up on the door of the old mill this morning?"

Her eyes, narrowed, as I have said, in her seemingly habitual desire to keep their secrets to herself, flashed wide open at this, while a low and mirthless laugh escaped her lips.

"So my labor was not entirely wasted!" she cried. "You saw—"

"Both the lines and the writer," I completed, relentlessly preserving the advantage I felt myself to have gained—"the lines before they were defaced by the storm, the writer as she picked up the useless paper and went away."

"So!" she commented, with another echo of that joyless laughter; "there are two spies instead of one in the game!"

"There are two women instead of one who know your enmity and purpose," I retorted.

"How came you at the mill?" she suddenly asked, after a moment of silent communion with her own repressed soul.

"By accident," was all my reply.

"Were you alone?"

"I was."

"Then no one but yourself saw the paper?"

"No one but myself."

She gave me a look I made no sign of understanding.

"Have you told any one of what you saw and read?" she inquired at last, as she perceived I meant to volunteer nothing.

"That I am not called upon to state," I retorted.

"Oh, you would play the lawyer!" was her icy and quiet remark.

"I would play nothing," was the answer that came from my lips.

She drew back, and a change passed over her. Slowly as a fire is kindled, the passion grew and grew on her face. When it was at its height she leaned her two hands on a table that stood between us, and, bending forward, whispered:

"Do you love him? Are you going to fight to keep his name free from stain and his position unassailed before the world?"

Believe me if you can, but I could not answer; possibly because I had as yet no answer to the question in my soul.

She took advantage of my hesitation.

"Perhaps you think it is not worth while to fight me: that I have no real weapons at my command?" and her eyes shot forth a flame that devoured my rising hopes and seared my heart as with a fiery steel.

"I think you are a cruel woman," I declared, "anxious to destroy what no longer gives you pleasure."

"You know my story, then?" she whispered. "He has talked about me, and to you?"

"No," I replied, in quiet disdain. "I know nothing save what your own eyes and your conduct tell me."

"Then you shall," she murmured, after a moment's scrutiny of my face. "You shall hear how I have been loved, and how I have been forsaken. Perhaps it will help you to appreciate the man who is likely to wreck both our lives."

I must have lifted my head at this, for she paused and gave me a curious look.

"You don't love him?" she cried.

"I shall not let him wreck my life," I responded.

Her lip curled and her two hands closed violently at her sides.

"You have not known him long," she declared. "You have not seen him at your feet, or heard his voice, as day by day he pleaded more and more passionately for a word or smile! You have not known his touch!"

"No," I impetuously cried, fascinated by her glance and tone.

I thought she looked relieved, and realized that her words might have been as much an inquiry as an assertion.

"Then do not boast," she said.

The blood that was in my cheeks went out of them. I felt my eyes close spasmodically, and hurriedly turned away my head. She watched me curiously.

"Do you think I succumbed without a struggle?" she vehemently asked, after a moment or two of this silent torture. "Look at me. Am I a woman to listen to the passionate avowals of the first man that happens to glance my way and imagine he would like to have me for his wife? Are a handsome face and honeyed tongue sufficient to gain my good graces, even when backed by the wealth I love and the position to which I feel myself equal? I tell you you do not know Zara Colwell, if you think she could be won easily. Days and days she haunted this room before I let his words creep much beyond my ears. I had a

brother who needed all my care and all my affection, and I did not mean to marry, much less to love. But slowly and by degrees he got a hold upon my heart, and then, like the wretch who trusts himself to the maelstrom, I was swept round and round into the whirlpool of passion till not earth nor heaven could save me or make me again the free and light-hearted girl I was. This was two years ago, and to-day—"

She stopped, choked. I had never seen greater passion, as I had never seen a more fiery nature.

"It is his persistency I complain of," she murmured at last. "He forced me to love him. Had he left me when I first said 'No,' I could have looked down on his face to-day with contempt. But, no, he had a fancy that I was his destiny, and that he must possess me or die. Die? He would not even let me die when I found that my long-sought 'Yes' turned his worship into indifference, and his passion into constraint. But—" she suddenly cried, with a repetition of that laugh which now sounded so fearful in my ears—"all this does not answer your question as to how I dared publish the insinuations I tacked up on the mill-door this morning."

"No," I shudderingly cried.

"Ah! I have waited long," she passionately asserted. "Wrongs like mine are very patient, and are very still, but the time comes at last when even a woman weak and frail as I am can lift her hand in power; and when she does lift it—"

"Hush!" I exclaimed, bounding from my seat and seizing her upraised arm; for her vivid figure seemed to emit a flame like death. "Hush! we want no tirades, you nor I; only let me hear what Dwight Pollard has done, and whether you knew what you were saying when you called him and his family—"

"Murderers!" she completed.

I shook, but bowed, my head. She loosed her arm from my grasp and stood for one moment contemplating me.

"You are a powerful rival," she murmured. "He will love you just six months longer than he did me."

I summoned up at once my pride and my composure.

"And that would be just six months too long," I averred, "if he is what you declare him to be."

"What!" came from between her set teeth, and she gave a spring that brought her close to my side. "You would hate him if—I proved to you that he and his brother and his mother were the planners, if not the executors, of Mr. Barrows's death?"

"Hate him?" I repeated, recoiling, all my womanhood up in arms before the fearful joy expressed in her voice and attitude. "I should try and forget such a man ever existed. But I shall not be easily convinced," I continued, as I saw her lips open with a sort of eager joy terrible to witness. "You are too anxious to kill my love."

"Oh, you will be convinced," she asserted.

"Ask Dwight Pollard what sort of garments those are which lie under the boards of the old mill, and see if he can answer you without trembling."

"Garments?" I repeated, in astonishment; "garments?"

"Yes," said she. "If he can hear you ask that and not turn pale, stop me in my mad assertions, and fear his doom no more. But if he flinches—"

A frightful smile closed up the gap, and she seemed by a look to motion me towards the door.

"But is that all you are going to tell me?" I queried, dismayed at the prospect of our interview terminating thus.

"Is it not enough?" she asked. "When you have seen him, I will see you again. Can you not wait for that hour?"

I might have answered No. I was tempted to do so, as I had been tempted more than once to exert the full force of my spirit and crush her. But I had an indomitable pride of my own, and did not wish to risk even the semblance of defeat. So I controlled myself, and merely replied:

"I do not desire to see Dwight Pollard again. I am not intending to return to his house."

"And yet you will see him," she averred. "I can easily be patient till then." And she cast another look of dismissal towards the door.

"You are a demon!" I felt tempted to respond, but my own dignity restrained me, as well as her beauty, which was something absolutely dazzling in its intensity and fire. "I will have the truth from you yet," was what I did say, as I moved, heart-sick and desponding, from her side.

And her slow "No doubt," seemed to fill up the silence like a knell, and give to my homeward journey a terror and a pang which proved that however I had deceived myself, hope had not quite given up its secret hold upon my heart.

And I dreamed of her that night, and in my dream her evil beauty shone so triumphantly that my greatest wonder was not that Dwight Pollard had succumbed to her fascinations, but that having once seen the glint of that subtle soul shine from between those half-shut lids, he could ever have found strength to turn aside and let the fire he had roused burn itself away.

(To be continued.)

VANDERBILT AND THE BRAKEMAN.

"I saw Billy Vanderbilt once," said a freight brakeman, "and at that time I wished I hadn't. It was when I was a brakeman on the Central. One day we were shifting cars at a little station near Syracuse, when a special car, with a locomotive attached, came in and stood on the main track near where we were at work. Special cars were not very uncommon, and we didn't pay much attention to this one. Pretty soon I was making a coupling, but the infernal link wouldn't fit. I tried it two or three times, and the engineer got out of patience backing up for me so many times, and I began to get mad myself. Then I gave it another trial, but still it wouldn't work, and then I took that link and gave it a sling into the creek, and swore in the bargain. In about ten seconds I

heard some one calling me, and, looking up, saw a plug-hatted, side-whiskered man standing on the platform of the special car. I knew him as soon as I laid eyes on him—it was Billy Vanderbilt. 'See here, young man,' says he, 'I've been watching you. Do you know whose property you have been throwing into the creek?' 'Yes, sir,' says I, trembling and expecting to be bounced the next minute. 'Well, whose was it?' 'The Pennsylvania Railroad's, sir,' says I. 'Oh!' replied Vanderbilt, and then he went into his car and shut the door. I wasn't bounced, either."

MEMORIAL TRIBUTE TO GEN. GRANT.

MR. GEORGE W. CHILDS is about to place a memorial to General Grant in the handsome library building known as Library Hall at Asbury Park. It will consist of a magnificent triple window of stained glass of the most beautiful design and finish. The conspicuous feature will be a bust portrait of General Grant surrounded with gems in the upper part of the centre sash. Below is the tablet with the following inscription:

In Memoriam.
ULYSSES S. GRANT,
The Patriot Soldier,
The Defender of the Union,
President of the United States,
Born, April 27, 1822.
Died, July 23, 1885.

Near the bottom of the tablet is a ribbon border, in which will be inscribed this sentence:

He lived to see Peace and Harmony restored to his Country.

In one of the side lights is a dove bearing an olive branch, and in the other is the bow of promise. The intervening space inside of the outer border is filled with beautiful tracery.

FACTS OF INTEREST.

THE slaughter of deer in the Adirondacks this season is as great as ever. Thirty-three carcasses of venison were expressed from Canton, N. Y., in one day recently.

It is reported, and generally credited, that the Emperor of China will be married in February next, at which time the Empress Regent will retire and the young Emperor will take hold of the Government.

THE French Government has ordered the suspension of hostilities in Madagascar, so as to facilitate the negotiations for a treaty of peace which Admiral Miot is conducting with the Malagasy officials.

KANSAS is soon to have its first legal hanging in many years. Heretofore it has been the practice, when sentence of death was passed, to confine the convict in the Penitentiary, to await the signing of the warrant, which was never signed.

A TERRIBLE dynamite explosion is reported to have occurred in the Plejuchin Mine in Siberia. The accounts are conflicting as regards the number of persons killed, some placing the number at 400, while others place it as high as 1,000.

THE Ohio Supreme Court has ordered certificates to be given to the Democratic candidates for the Senate and Assembly in Hamilton County. This gives the Democrats control of the State Senate, and reduces the Republican majority on joint ballot to three.

PREPARATIONS are making at Tiflis, Samarcand, and other Asiatic points, for a grand progress of the Czar next Spring, when he will be crowned Emperor of Central Asia. All that money can do will be done to make the pageant the most imposing the Orient has ever seen.

WILLIAM BLAINE, the exponent of athleticism, says that among girls running is a lost art. President Seelye of Amherst College says that if girls would run every day they would never die of consumption. Here is an incentive for some one to start a girls' running club.

A TYPHOON swept over the Philippine Islands on November 7th, destroying over 4,400 buildings, including thirteen churches and ten convents. Eighteen persons were lost and 500 head of cattle perished. Fifteen districts of the island, where the destruction was probably equally great, had not been heard at last accounts.

A NEW volcano, one of the largest and most interesting in the world, has recently been discovered in the Pacific Ocean, near the Island of Honga Tonga, in latitude 20 degrees 21 minutes, longitude 75 degrees 28 minutes. The island is said to be from two to three miles long and sixty feet high. Eruptions are almost constant, presenting an unending series of dissolving views to the beholder.

ACCORDING to the last report, at the close of the military maneuvers, the German Army counts at present 161 regiments of regular infantry, 20 battalions of light infantry, 93 regiments of cavalry, 37 regiments of artillery with 341 batteries of six guns, and 19 battalions of pioneers, making a total for the regular army of 1,263,746 men. And the garrison troops and Landsturm amount to 809,847 men.

AMONG the Bills introduced in the U. S. Senate, last week, was one by Mr. Wilson, of Iowa, which looks to the prevention of war among the great peoples of the earth. The Bill authorizes the President to enter into negotiations with other Governments with a view to the formation of an international tribunal for the arbitration of any difficulty that may occur among nations, and provides for an International Peace Convention to be held in Washington at such time as the President may decide.

A THOROUGH and impartial investigation into the working of the prohibitory liquor law in Iowa, recently made by Hon. P. M. Sutton, a State Senator, establishes the fact that the total number of open saloons is slightly greater than before the law went into operation, being 1,837, in place of 1,806, while there are 420 places in which liquor is sold "on the sly." Mr. Sutton, who is a strong anti-liquor man, concludes that prohibition has done great good in places where public sentiment sustains it, and great evil where it does not. In his own city, for instance, Marshalltown, a place of 10,000 inhabitants, it is worse than a failure, for it is impossible to enforce it. He strongly favors a law giving local option, and where prohibition is not adopted, a high-license law.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MR. GLADSTONE is addicted to the use of postal-cards.

THE Garfield memorial window at Williams College has been finished, at a total cost of \$3,645.

ADELAIDE RUDOLPH, a niece of Mrs. Garfield, has been elected Latin Professor of the Kansas State University.

THE poet Tupper is writing a new volume of poems. Mr. Tupper is robust and hearty, despite his seventy-five years.

SENATOR VOORHEES will deliver his lecture on Jefferson in ten Indiana cities in aid of the Hendricks monument fund.

NEWS and paronomasia are combined in the statement that M. and Mme. de Lesseps have once more become a Pa'n'a ma.

SECRETARY BAYARD has placed a handsome memorial window in the old Swedish Church at Wilmington, Del., in memory of his parents.

LOUIS KOSSUTH, being no longer able to earn his living by teaching languages in Italy, has now found a home in the house of his sons, who are shepherds in the Valley of Sixt, in Savoy.

THE supplemental convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Easton, which met at Cambridge, Md., on the 16th inst., elected the Rev. Chauncey C. Williams, of Augusta, Ga., to succeed Bishop Lay.

THE late Charles Foster, the famous clairvoyant and Spiritualistic medium, visiting Europe when he was scarcely of age, was the guest of Lord Lytton, at Knebworth Park, and formed the foundation study for *Margrave* in "A Strange Story."

THERE seems to be a poverty of names in the Senate. Of the seventy-six Senators, ten are called John, nine are called James, five William, four Joseph, three Thomas, four Henry, and three Charles—more than half of the entire body being limited to seven names.

THE Pope marked the holiday season by ordering the distribution for Christmas Eve, among the deserving poor of Rome, of \$3,000 (American money) in small coin. His almoner was also ordered to give 160 beds, bedding and bed-linen to as many deserving families.

A CABLE telegram states that Mr. Parnell will not be able to attend the League Convention in Chicago this January, and that he is "inclined to think it best to postpone the Convention until after the meeting of Parliament in February." His suggestion will be complied with.

SECRETARY WHITNEY has added many improvements to his Washington residence—formerly known as the Frelinghuysen Mansion. It is said he has spent \$45,000 on it, although he has only a four years' lease. Besides the ballroom which he has added, he has supplied costly interior decorations, and it is now one of the most charming homes in Washington.

THE editor of the Ogden (Utah) *Herald* has been convicted of libeling Chief Justice Zane. The *Herald* is a little Mormon sheet, and has indulged in wholesale denunciations of the Federal authorities. The maximum penalty for the editor's offense is a fine of \$1,000 and imprisonment for six months in the County Jail. There are two other indictments for libel hanging over him.

CHRISTINE NILSSON's tour through Germany and Denmark does not appear to have been one of un-mixed triumph. Her reception in the Danish capital was marked by unexpected coolness. At Hamburg, Frankfurt and Leipzig, particularly at Leipzig, she was received with even greater indifference. At Cologne, however, the popular enthusiasm rose to the old pitch, and compensated the songstress for her previous disappointments.

THE health of Mr. John Kelly is again somewhat precarious, owing to an aggravated form of indigestion. He is said to be much reduced in strength, though able to ride out daily, and it will require a deal of careful nursing before he will be well again. It is doubtful whether he will ever be able to stand a prolonged mental or physical strain. As to his taking an active part in politics for a long time, that is pronounced by his physicians simply impossible.

MR. CURRY, the American Minister to Spain, last week presented his credentials to the Queen Regent, when the subject of the commercial relations between the United States Government and Spain was discussed at some length. Minister Curry was gratified with the cordial feeling manifested by the Queen Regent in response to the views expressed by him. The impression prevails in Ministerial circles that a new commercial treaty will soon be negotiated.

NEW JERSEY does not fill a very large space on the map, but she manages to keep herself well "in the eye of the world." Just now she asserts her claim to eminence in having produced an old negro woman who, though living long before Washington was made President of the United States, never saw him and never knew such a man existed. She was "Old Aunt Lydia," and was one hundred and ten years old, a resident of Phillipsburg. She was deaf and dumb from birth, and could never tell her history or be made to understand any questions regarding her life. Her death occurred on the 22d inst.

THE nineteenth birthday of the German historian, Leopold von Ranke, which occurred on the 21st ult., was celebrated with great *clat* in Berlin and elsewhere. His residence was crowded during the day with the *élite* of Berlin society, the Crown Prince Frederick William being among those present. Emperor William and Empress Augusta each sent an autograph letter congratulating him on the event. They also sent their portraits. The members of the Cabinet sent a collective letter of congratulation. Delegates from the Berlin Academy, the Berlin University, and the provincial universities, delivered addresses.

LIEUTENANT GREELY, of Arctic fame, lectured in London last week under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society. The audience was large and distinguished, and the lecturer's reception was most cordial. Captain Sir George Nares eulogized Lieutenants Lockwood and Brainerd, of the Greely expedition, who succeeded in planting the Stars and Stripes at a point further north than had ever before been reached by man. Sooner or later, he said, England would reconquer the first honors in Arctic discovery. The Marquis of Lorne spoke in a similar strain, and said that England was as proud of Greely as if he was an Englishman and had started from London on his Polar expedition.



NEW JERSEY.—A REMINISCENCE OF THE ESSEX HUNT.

THE CATTLE KINGS.

THE Second Annual Convention of the National Cattle and Horse Growers' Association of the United States, recently held in St. Louis, brought together several hundred delegates from all parts of the Union. Every State and Territory was represented. At the grand Thanksgiving dinner, held in the store-room of the Beef-packing Company, plates were laid for two thousand guests. Nearly all the potentates and princes of Cattleland, representing millions upon millions of wealth in horned and hoofed stock, were gathered about the festive board. For instance, the Utah delegation, presided over by H. J. Faust, represented 492,000 head of cattle and 108,000 horses. The famous Cowboy Band of Dodge City, Kans., directed by the revolver-baton of their leader, played the inspiring music which they had so long rehearsed on the wild plains, for the delectation of coyotes and

Hon. N. J. Coleman, United States Commissioner of Agriculture, says that if a column should be formed, twelve animals deep, one end resting at New York city, its centre encircling San Francisco, and its other arm reaching back to Boston, such a column would contain about the number which now forms the basis of the cattle industry of the United States. As the opening of the great wheat-fields of the Northwest brings down the price of flour, so the wonderful increase of the herds on the vast grazing plains of the

down to Christmas, so far as the weather was concerned. On the bright, frosty morning air, the horn sounded like richest music, and a glorious gallop across the country was sufficient to make the most hardened unbeliever in the old English sport admit its fascination, under proper circumstances. Our artist has caught the spirit of the chase, and gives some dashing sketches on page 332.

A SUDDEN SNOW-FALL.

AGAINST sudden falls of snow like that illustrated by the picture on page 325, the Signal Service reports gives no warning. They are roof-avalanches, which display an unmistakable spirit of mischief in choosing their time of descent. Sometimes they break the monotony of New Year's calls in the manner depicted by our artist. The descent of half a ton of melted snow upon one's head renders a dignified exit from a mansion impracticable; and the in-



JAMES D. WARNER.



C. M. DONALDSON.



HENRY SNELL.



CAPTAIN J. W. McCULLAGH.



CHARLES T. JOY.



J. A. COOPER.



J. A. CARROLL.



HON. JOHN L. ROUTT.



COLONEL R. D. HUNTER, PRESIDENT.



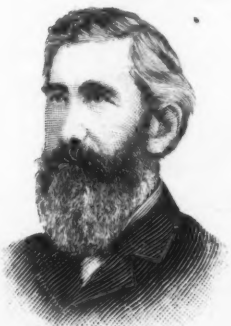
W. F. FISCHER.



C. H. SAMPSON.



MAJOR C. C. RAINWATER



JAMES D. MALIN.



GENERAL J. S. BRISBIN, VICE-PRESIDENT.



GENERAL N. M. CURTIS.



D. B. FRANCIS, MAYOR OF ST. LOUIS.



HON. JOHN T. CAINE.



JOHN H. MAXON.

Southwest will make beef cheaper. Low rates of transportation being provided for, the people of the United States may feel reasonably sure of an abundant supply of the two staple articles of consumption—beef and flour—at reasonable prices.

Before the Convention adjourned, arrangements were completed for the fusion of the National Cattle and Horse Growers' Association of the United States, and the National Cattle Growers' Association of America, into one organization, with permanent headquarters at St. Louis. This organization will be known as the Consolidated Cattle Growers' Association of the United States. The first joint meeting of the two hitherto separate Associations will be held in the City of Chicago on Monday of the second week of the annual meeting of the National Fat Stock Show in November next, at which time the new Association will proceed to elect its officers and perfect its organization.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE ESSEX HUNT.

prairie-dogs. President R. D. Hunter occupied the chair during the Convention. He was at times relieved by General J. S. Brisbin, the popular Vice-president. We give portraits of these two prominent cattlemen, together with those of other officers, presidents of delegations, members of committees, etc., all of whom are well known throughout the West and Southwest. The vastness of the interests represented by these "cattle kings" may be partly appreciated when it is stated that in the last five years the industry has increased from 35,000,000 head of cattle to 45,000,000, amounting in value to more than \$1,000,000,000—that is to say, more than the wheat and cotton crops of the country combined.

A FINE, rolling, open country, with patches of brush, some tiny streams running through it, and not too many walls and fences—such is the happy hunting-ground of our modern Dianas, their brothers and sweethearts. Essex County, N. J., offers these attractions; hence the Essex Hunt, and other fashionable events of kindred nature, which give animation to the brown fields and bare woods of Autumn. This year, Autumn lasted fairly

cident is made particularly vexatious if it happens to be witnessed by unsympathetic spectators. The snow is no respecter of persons. Neither is the butcher's boy, whose sloth-like gait has saved him from being in front of the house in time to catch the moist mass himself, but who enjoys the joke as well in the form it has taken. One is reminded of the story of a leisurely person who chanced to be abroad in a Western city just as a cyclone struck the place. A church-steeple was whisked from its bearings, and fell with a terrific crash a few yards ahead of the easy-going pedestrian. "There!" he exclaimed. "Just a little more, and I should have been pulverized. That's a warning never to walk fast."

THE RECENT CONVENTION OF THE NATIONAL CATTLE AND HORSE GROWERS' ASSOCIATION AT ST. LOUIS. SOME REPRESENTATIVE CATTLE KINGS.

FROM PHOTOS. BY JOHN A. SCHOLTEN.

THE ORDINARY BATH, THE SKIN, THE VAPOR BATH.

LUXURY, shall we call it? Verily, it is a luxury, and a great deal more. This novelty opens to us such luxury as Cleopatra with all her wealth and magnificence never enjoyed in her baths, nor did any of the Orientals in the most palmy days of the extravagant splendor of the ancient kingdoms. They had their public baths, spacious, elegant, and luxurious. Some of their ideas have come down to us, and are the germs of the baths which we call Turkish and Russian. But modern inventive genius has improved on what they had to such an extent, that if they were now to come and see our baths, they would, in their admiration of our inventions, forget what was in the olden times their pride and their joy.

There are some people who bathe very little, or not at all. There are others who satisfy themselves with an occasional dip in a tub. Almost every modern-built house now has its bathtub, so that all who want to bathe to the extent afforded by this fixture may thus enjoy themselves. But the mere tub is not all that is needed. Bathing is washing the skin; but it is more than that. Complete and proper bathing brings into action the wonderful and complex operations of the machinery of the skin.

What! Machinery in the skin?

Yes. The skin, with its wealth of sweat-glands and infinitesimal ducts, and its tubing, the aggregate length of which in an average adult is nearly thirty miles, is an organ, as active as lung, liver or heart, and a great deal larger than either. On the proper performance of the functions of the skin depends much of the health of the whole body. Examine, for instance, the skin on hand or fingers. A small single lens is powerful enough. You see the openings of the sweat-glands. Glands which have such openings must have something more that is useful and wonderful. Now make a section, at right angles with the surface. It may be ever so small, but must be cut thin, and with a very sharp blade. Now put on this the power of a good microscope.

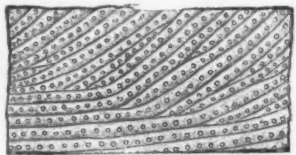


FIG. 1. Openings of the Sweat-glands, as seen with a Pocket Lens.

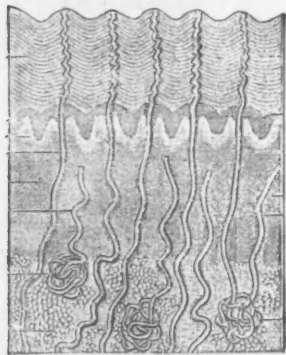


FIG. 2. Sweat-glands from the Palm of the Hand.

two pints a day are thus excreted from an adult human being. The weight of a pint of this material is about a pound.

It is of prime importance that the skin be kept in good order, otherwise this machinery of perspiration becomes clogged, and mischief results. The bath, with temperature raised so as to produce wholesome action of all these little tubes and glands, will do it. *Hot-water baths alone will not do it thoroughly.* What is needed is the proper administration of hot vapor, together with a moderate amount of friction by hand-rubbing, or with the aid of rough towels or hair gloves.

Besides these sweat-glands and tubes, the skin is largely furnished with hair-roots, and the glands which yield material for the nourishment of the hair. The hair-root is in a little fold, or follicle. A sebaceous gland is on one side, and on the other is a smaller gland, opening into the follicle in which the root is placed. From these glands comes an oily secretion, without which the hair becomes dry and dead, and falls out. All the quack remedies for baldness can never replace a hair whose root is dead by reason of the permanent drying up of these little glands. Here is a magnified representation of the hair-root, and the helps to its growth. How important to keep this delicate apparatus in excellent working order! The vapor-bath will do it. And now for our vapor-bath. How, when, and where?

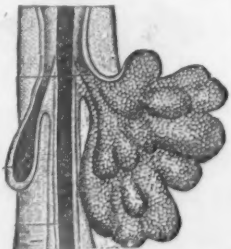


FIG. 3. Portion of a Hair in its Follicle, with a large Sebaceous Gland on one side and a smaller Gland on the other, opening into the Hair Sac.

The Romans of old had their public baths, which would accommodate hundreds of bathers at a time. Though magnificent, these were cumbersome and costly. By means of heat they induced perspiration. Slaves were in attendance to rub the bathers. With our modern Turkish and Russian baths we accomplish the same pur-

pose, and our contrivances are far better than those of Rome, Greece, Egypt, or any of the nations of old.

Yet, in all our public baths, with their sumptuous arrangements for luxury and health, there is one drawback. We must go to them, for they cannot come into our homes. The joy and glory of the bath is to have it at home, within easy reach of the sleeping-apartment. We want something which is not only adapted for the man of the house—who can take his bath while on his way home from store or office—but for the ladies, who prefer having it in the house, and to whom a visit to the public bath is more or less of an undertaking.

And so we have, as a home luxury, a civilizer and a health-giver, the "Home Vapor Bath," invented by young Mr. Rosenfield. How neat; how convenient; how ingenious; how efficient! Let us go and see it at No. 12 East Twenty-third Street, near Broadway.

Entering the house, which faces Madison Square, we walk into a spacious parlor suite of rooms, where we find a number of bathtubs in different varieties of style and fittings. The young gentleman in attendance courteously takes us in charge, and shows us the working of the apparatus by which a Russian or hot-vapor bath can be had at a moment's notice, by the simple turning on of a faucet. The contrivance which thus affords a complete bathing equipment for every private residence is one which can be attached to any bathtub already in use, or it can be placed in a bathroom when the tub is being introduced, in such a way as to constitute no incumbrance, and, indeed, scarcely to be seen. In any case, it occupies but little room, and as its fittings are all finished in silver-plate or nickel, as may be desired, there is nothing unsightly about it; but, on the contrary, it is neat, ornamental, and even elegant.

Close by the top of the tub, and on the side nearest the wall, is a tube two or three feet long, pierced with small holes. Our polite attendant turns the faucet, and lo! in an instant we are in a cloud of vapor! If the faucet discharged into the tub an ordinary stream of hot water, we would have a little vapor, but nothing like this. Why is this? It is because the water in each of these very small streams, from the very small holes, vaporizes as soon as it leaves the tube and comes to the atmosphere. The hot water comes from the boiler in the kitchen-range, such as we find in every modern house. This boiler does not have to be altered in any respect when the Home Vapor Bath is introduced into the house.

Now, how shall we utilize this vapor for the purpose of getting exactly such a bath as we want? Very simply and easily. In a moment the bathtub is made vapor-tight. This is done by placing a neatly fitting cover over it. This cover is made of rubber cloth, stout enough to be durable, and light enough to be easily handled. The bather sits upon a seat which is placed across one end of the tub. A stool is provided for the feet. There is, of course, an aperture in the cover, through which the bather is enabled to sit upright. A cape of rubber is furnished for the shoulders, and falling over the aperture so as completely to inclose the person, all except the head. This leaves the head free, so that the outer air can be breathed, and not the vapor, which would soon become very oppressive to the lungs. Indeed, it is one of the features of the Russian bath, as generally administered, that the bather is in a room which is entirely filled with hot vapor, and that the hot vapor is all that he can breathe. To some people this is so oppressive that they cannot take baths of the Russian variety, but resort to the Turkish, in which they find greater comfort. The Turkish provides its bathers with heated air instead of vapor, according to the Russian fashion.

The administration of vapor in home baths is old, but by a frightfully clumsy, inadequate, and dangerous apparatus. The old way was to envelop the patient, while sitting on a chair, with a large cloth. Under the chair a lighted alcohol lamp was placed, in order to produce the requisite heat. This was, of course, attended with the risk of making a burnt-offering of the luckless patient. To show that this danger was not theoretical, we mention that while we are writing this, there comes across the water the sad news of the death of Dr. Benjamin Carpenter, one of the most eminent of British surgeons and scientists, whose fame was worldwide. He was taking a sweat in the old-fashioned clumsy way. The alcohol lamp set fire to the sheet in which he was wrapped, and he died an agonizing death.

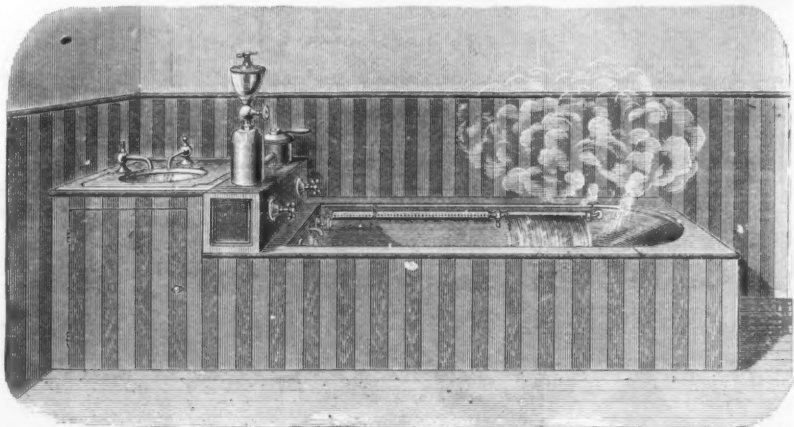
There is no possible danger in the use of the Home Vapor Bath.

So much for the plain hot vapor in all its simplicity and its delightful

efficacy. The bather has the faucets within reach, and can turn off the hot water and turn on the cold at pleasure. It is a delightful thing, after having relaxed and opened the sweat-pores by the aid of hot vapor, to close them and tone them up by the admission of cool water. There need be no sudden transition from heat to cold. To most persons such transition is unpleasant. To some it is unsafe. But with the greatest ease the change from hot to cold is made so gently that there is no shock, nor any feeling but that of a luxurious toning up of the whole system.

And now for something more surprising, and even more beneficial. We are shown a neat little apparatus at the corner of the tub, and explained its purpose and operation in medicating the vapor. See the picture of it. Perhaps you have rheumatism, or sciatica, or catarrh, or some unpleasant trouble of the skin. You may swallow medicine on medicine, and receive little or no advantage. But apply medicated vapor, and see the happy result. Unscrew the plug C and pour in the liquid which you want to apply in vapor form. Then screw it up tightly. Look through the peephole D, and by aid of the valve-handle E regulate the outflow of the liquid, so that it is exactly enough to make the vapor strong or weak, as you want it. This glass cup A is for liquids. But suppose you want to use something which is not liquid; chamomile flowers, for instance, or salt, or sulphur? Put any of these in a little muslin bag, and place the bag in the herb-chamber B. The cap or top of this herb-chamber is removed or fastened on by aid of the wrench I.

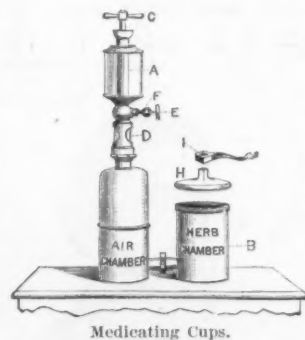
Thus the vapor can be instantly impregnated with any chemical which may be prescribed or desired. In case



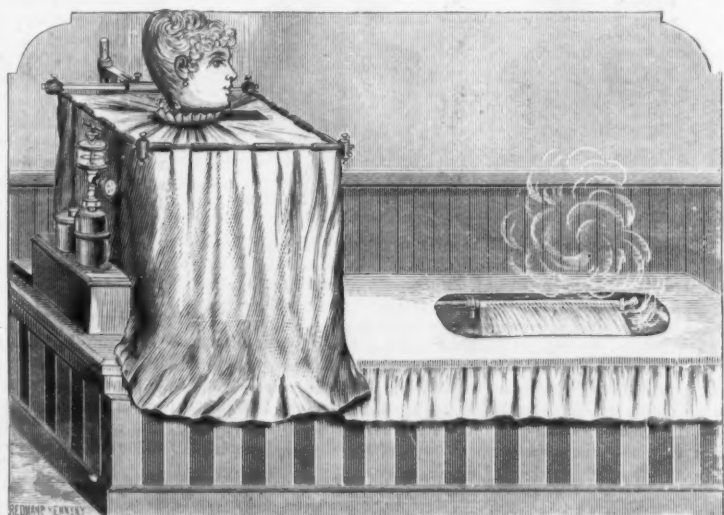
THE APPARATUS AS ATTACHED TO BATHTUB.

of sudden illness—such, for instance, as when the child is taken in the night with croup or diphtheria—here is instant relief, with probably the saving of a valuable life.

Even further than this. By a very simple contrivance disinfecting vapor may, through this apparatus, be sent through the whole house. Suppose there has been a case of contagious disease, or for any other reason the house needs a thorough fumigation. The old way—and a very imperfect way it was—was to burn brimstone in every room. Now we can do better. Give us plenty of hot water from the kitchen-boiler. Open the bathroom-door and all the other doors in the house. Close all the windows and other openings, so that the house can be filled with vapor which will not escape until it has fulfilled its purpose. Put your disinfectant—carbolic acid, for instance, or whatever else your chemist or physician may tell you—into the reservoir A. Now keep up your kitchen-fire pretty hot, for an hour or two. Turn everybody out from the rooms and halls you are going to disinfect. Now turn the hot-water faucet, and "let her drive." The work will soon be complete, and without trouble, expense or dirt. When it is done, open the windows, let the vapor blow out, and your house is in splendid condition; and far better than under the old system. For in this, the disinfectant is carried into every corner and crevice by the steam. The steam condenses, and the disinfectant remains, in infinitesimally small particles, just where the steam has carried it. Its permanent influence is there, and the work of disinfection is not a mere momentary thing, but lasting, and consequently incomparably more beneficial.



Medicating Cups.



POSITION OF BATHER WHEN USING APPARATUS. (THE OPEN SPACE IN COVER SHOWING WHERE THE VAPOR COMES FROM.)

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Safe to Take

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and those who use it are always ready to say a good word in its favor. Mrs. C. Johnson, 310 Hicks st., Brooklyn, N. Y., suffered greatly from debility, and says: "I did not think it was in the power of medicine to produce such a wonderful change as Ayer's Sarsaparilla has effected in my case. I feel that I have entered a new life." Mrs. E. R. Henry, 4th st., Lowell, Mass., writes: "For years I was badly afflicted with Salt Rheum in my hands. My physician advised me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I did so. The result was perfectly satisfactory. I have more recently used it in my family with equally pleasing effect. It merits all that is claimed for it. As a blood purifier

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sarsaparilla has no equal."

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

For sale by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles for \$5.

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any disorder that arises from impurities existing in the blood. Even where no particular disorder is felt, people live longer, and enjoy better health, for purifying the blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. John W. Starr, Laconia, Iowa, writes: "Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best blood medicine of the day. I was troubled with scrofulous complaints for several years. I took only two bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and now feel like a new man." A. S. Pettinger, M. D., Glen Gardner, N. J., writes: "Ayer's Sarsaparilla is an excellent alternative tonic, and in all cases where such a remedy is needed I prescribe it." Mrs. H. M. Thayer, Hillside st., Milton, Mass., writes: "Ayer's Sar-

sarsaparilla

is the best medicine I ever took."

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

For sale by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles for \$5.

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and very best from 65c. to 90c. When ordering, be
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The reputation of our house requires no comment.
N. B.—We have just imported some very fine WHITE
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stormy weather. It makes homes
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